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POLICE HALTED THEIR CAREER AS "GYPSIES"

Five East Altoona Youngsters Stole Horse & Wagon.

HAD PLANNED 'HOLD-UP'

Wagon Stocked with Camping Utensils —Heavy Artillery Included Flobert Rifles with Which to Relieve Travelers of Money.

Five youngsters from East Altoona planned long and well to become gypsies, even if only for a day. They got started all right and might have stretched it into two days, possibly longer, had not Chief of Police Dukeman, on word from the Altoona police, started out to intercept the youthful traders and dealers in horses. Stealing a horse and covered wagon from the barn of Frank Hare, at East Altoona, Saturday night, the group of "gypsies" managed to get along all right until somewhere nearby Tyrone. There one of the five was picked up by County Detective Spangler, of Blair County. The four others continued their travels just like real, grown-up gypsies until Policeman Dukeman located them several miles beyond Unionville. Scenting danger one of the boys leaped from the wagon and took to his heels. "Dukey" called on him to halt, the penalty for failure to surrender being one leg shot off. Not caring to lose a leg the fleeing youth surrendered. His three companions in the wagon also submitted to arrest. One of the group was a girl. The horse and wagon were put up for the night at the E. M. Lucas farm, above Unionville, and the youthful gypsies were brought to Bellefonte. The girl was placed in jail and the boys in the lock-up until Monday, when Detective Spangler and Mr. Hare came to town and accompanied them back to Blair County.

The group of gypsies, once they gave their right names, was composed of Sadie Dugan, 16 years; Roy Dugan, aged 10; Charles Dugan, aged 14; Charles Bartley, aged 13 and Charles Niclonger, aged 12. In a note which Sadie Dugan left behind, she considered the boys too young to be away from home without a chaperon and had gone along to see that they were properly cared for.

They had a trunk or two and when darkness came with Saturday night the party set out in Mr. Hare's covered wagon. Young Niclonger fell by the wayside when nearby Tyrone and was taken into custody by Detective Spangler. The loss of their companion disheartened the four others, but bravely bracing up they continued on their journey of adventure. All day Sunday they drove down the Bald Eagle valley, Mr. Hare's horse being the only one of the outfit which did not enter into things with full enthusiasm.

Observing a calf in a nearby field the young travelers decided it should be confiscated and listed as a member of the gypsy party. The horse was stopped and the chase was on. The calf escaped becoming a gypsy because it was able to run faster than the three boys and the one girl. Necessarily deciding that a calf wasn't needed, anyhow, the runaways resumed their journey. A gentle, motherly, old cow was munching grass in another field, and having outlived her sprinting days she became a gypsie. The youngsters tied her to the rear of the wagon, and once more the procession was under way. Disgusted because the cow couldn't keep up with the horse, and fearing that delay might be dangerous, the youngsters argued among themselves as to what should be done. On a vote it was decided to stick to the horse and dispose of the cow. Accordingly, as one of the boys told it, the cow was turned about until she was looking toward home and then given a good beating to start her on her way. The cow escaped arrest by just about ten minutes for Policeman Dukeman soon came racing along in an automobile. The capture followed.

Inside the wagon was found an assortment of articles that showed the flight from East Altoona to have been planned many days in advance. There were pillows, frying pans, a clock, some quilts and countless other things, to say nothing of two or three flobert rifles. One of the boys explained that they had figured on using the "guns" to hold up a Jew peddler near Tyrone and relieve him of his money, but for some reason this fell through. Two or three bags of horse feed were in the wagon. One of the boys had a plan all his own for securing more feed whenever necessary. This, he said, was to set fire to some barn, wait until the farmer would carry out feed and other stuff and then steal several bags during the confusion. Can you beat it?

The only thing which the youngsters could not comprehend was how the police should have happened along to upset all their plans for going into camp Sunday night. The idea that the owner of the horse might telephone ahead to intercept them never had entered their heads. The horse, by the way, was pretty well used up and, like the five youngsters, probably will not soon forget the brief but strenuous experience.

(Continued bottom of next column.)

PIN LODGED IN THROAT

Mrs. Samuel Showers Swallows Tiny Article—May Undergo Operation.

Mrs. Samuel Showers, of Spring Street, swallowed a common pin last Saturday evening, and thus far all efforts of physicians to remove it from her throat have failed. Whether to take chances on the pin festering out, or resort to an operation for its immediate removal will be decided probably in the next day or two.

Early Saturday evening Mrs. Showers had been up street attending to some shopping. On returning home she had occasion to go upstairs. As women often do unconsciously, she placed several pins in her mouth. While walking from one room to another she suddenly opened her mouth and one of the pins slipped down her throat.

On Monday Dr. J. Coburn Rogers accompanied her to Lock Haven where Dr. Ball was consulted. It was his belief that the pin might fester out, although he could not say positively that such would be the result. Mrs. Showers returned home Tuesday and since that time has been suffering considerable pain. The pin appears to be lodged deep in the throat. Efforts to dislodge it with a throat brush were futile. The likelihood is that she will have to undergo an operation.

DEATH HOUSE SOON READY

To Finish Electrocution Building at New Penitentiary by Sept. 1st.

Considerable progress is being made in the construction of the death house at the new penitentiary. The concrete foundations have been laid and active work on the building walls will be under way in the next few days. It is expected that the building will be completed September 1st.

Several condemned murderers are now awaiting execution but under the new law they cannot be put to death until the building equipped for electrocution is finished. Warden Francies has given instructions to the builders to rush work on the death house as fast as possible and it is believed that the electric chair will be installed and ready for use in about ten or twelve weeks.

Young Farmer Injured.

Clarence Parsons, whose home is at Loveville, sustained painful injuries while trying to jump from a fast freight on the Bald Eagle valley at Port Matilda last Sunday evening. His left leg was fractured near the ankle and one arm was badly sprained. His injuries will confine him in the Altoona hospital for several weeks. The young man was in Tyrone last week to see a circus and visited a day or two with a family at that place. On Sunday evening he was instructed to take a passenger train to Port Matilda and walk across the mountains to his home. He happened to get on the wrong train and was unable to get off until arriving at VanScoyoc station. He walked to Vail station, only to learn that the valley train had passed. Realizing that he was due at work in the fields on Monday morning he boarded a rapidly moving freight train, hoping in this manner to get to Port Matilda before it would be too late for the walk across the mountain. When the train passed through Port Matilda it was moving at a rapid pace, but the youth nevertheless undertook to jump off. He was thrown violently to the ground and sustained injuries which rendered him helpless. An operator on his way home shortly after midnight heard the youth moaning and finally located him lying in a ditch. He gave such assistance as he could and succeeded in having the injured boy taken to Tyrone. From the latter place he was removed to the Altoona hospital.

Candidates File Expenses.

Senator Boies Penrose, spent $14,640 on his campaign for nomination by the republicans for the United States senator; Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer expended $2,541 in his contest for the democratic nomination, and Gifford Pinchot, Washington party nominee, spent $2,753.

Michael J. Ryan, candidate for democratic nomination for governor, spent $2,823, and William Draper Lewis, Washington party nominee for governor, expended $1,191. C. N. Brumm spent $2,074. Vance C. McCormick spent over $33,000.

OFFICIAL COUNT SHOWS BIG REPUBLICAN LEAD

Many Thousands Ahead of Dems. & Washingtonians.

PROGRESSIVES THIRD

Dr. Brumbaugh, for Governor, Has 120,000 More Than Combined Vote of McCormick and Ryan and Penrose 100,000 More Than Palmer.

The official count of the recent primary vote, completed at Harrisburg on Tuesday night, reveals pronounced Republican strength as compared with the Democratic and Washington parties. If the same ratio prevails in the voting at the general election Republican triumph by a good margin is assured.

The significance of the official figures lies in the total vote of the several parties. For United States Senator Penrose had 219,871 and Dimmick 112,394, making a total Republican vote of 331,265. Palmer had 119,302 and Budd 70,252, making a Democratic total of 280,554. Pinchot had 46,782 on the Washington ticket. The combined Republican vote exceeded the total Democratic vote by 41,711 and the Washington vote by 284,483. The combined Republican vote for Governor was 320,097, as compared with the total Democratic vote of 200,854, and the Washington vote of 48 386. The official figures for the several candidates follow:

UNITED STATES SENATOR

Democratic, Palmer, 119,302; Budd, 70,252. Washington, Pinchot, 46,782.

Republican, Penrose, 219,871; Dimmick, 112,394.

Penrose's plurality, 100,569.

Returns also show that Penrose received 62 Democratic votes, 311 Washington Party votes, two Prohibition votes and six Socialist votes; Dimmick, six Democratic votes, 248 Washington votes and 24 Prohibition votes; Pinchot, 7 Democratic votes, 91 Republican votes, 13 Prohibition votes and three Socialist votes.

GOVERNOR

Democrat, McCormick, 110,562; Ryan, 90,292. Washington, Lewis, 30,293; Brumm, 18,093.

Republican, Brumbaugh, 153,788; Cauffiel, 31,196; Wood, 21,396; Ritter, 12,716.

Brumbaugh's plurality, 143,226.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

Democratic—Creasy, 121,847; Jenkins, 73,222.

Washington—Smith, 55,964.

Republican—McClain, 224,835; Powell, 82,864.

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS

Democratic—McNair, 84,221; Rowley, 52,339; Mechling, 36,837.

Washington—Lewis, 45,080.

Republican—Houck, 274,055.

CONGRESSMAN-AT LARGE

Democratic—Clark, 81,622; Bright, 75-170; Caton, 66,502; Crosby, 64,819; Meyers, 62,731; Shull, 51,842; Crilly, 47,-751; Seibert, 41,640; Taylor, 47,990; Powers, 34,746.

Washington—Mitchell, 41,791; Walters, 40,915; Watson, 40,794; Rupley, 40,548.

Republican—Scott, 190,367; Garland, 286,596; Crago. 167,411; Lafean, 126,128; Logan, 103,432; Ainey, 81,235; Robinson, 65,749; Dight, 61,092; Warren, 58,058; Stoner, 50,941.

SUPREME COURT

Frazer, 165,140; Kunkel, 93,732; Endlich, 82,229; Bonner, 60,247; Walling, 36,167; Wilhelm, 24,976; Robinson, 16,-290; Kintner, 14,154.

SUPERIOR COURT

Trexler, 200,258; Clark, 109,416; Fuller, 92,700; Prather, 47,753.

Showman Got Away.

While the wild west show was in Bellefonte last Thursday Chief of Police Dukeman arrested a side-show attache on receipt of word from Curwensville that he was wanted there for fleecing a resident out of $160. The showman was taken before Squire Musser and several hours later he prevailed on Constable Horace Musser to accompany him to the show grounds where friends would furnish cash bail for his release. Once he managed to get with friends attached to the circus the fellow moved about and faded away. A number of complaints were registered here of pocket picking and fleecing by petty gambling while the show was in town. The performance given in the big tent was very good and considering the wet weather that prevailed during the morning the afternoon attendance was large.

Be sure to attend the lot sale June 19th and 20th.

GOVERNOR TENER TALKS TO PENN STATE GRADS.

Commencement Exercises Attracted Great Crowd.

RECEPTION LAST NIGHT

Many Guests Present From Bellefonte and Other Places—Frat Dances Monday and Tuesday Nights Were Delightful Functions.

Ideal weather and a tremendous throng of visitors contributed to the success of the annual commencement exercises this week at The Pennsylvania State College. At the graduating exercises yesterday the address was delivered by Governor Tener. His talk to the graduates was almost conversational in character, the Governor making no attempt at oratorical effect, and all that he had to say was well received. The large auditorium was thronged for the occasion. The Governor was introduced by President Sparks and accorded an enthusiastic reception at the hands of the students.

The annual review of the cadets on Saturday and the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday to the graduating class marked the formal opening of commencement week and by Monday thousands of visitors were on hand to participate in the round of festivities which had been arranged for their enjoyment. Numerous receptions and dances at frat houses featured Monday and Tuesday evenings. The alumni procession on Tuesday attracted many old Penn State men back to the scenes of school days. The fiftieth anniversary reunion of the class of 1864 proved to be one of the happiest events of the week. Tuesday afternoon a large and enthusiastic crowd assembled on Beaver Field to witness the baseball game between Penn State and the Chinese University of Hawaii. The Chinese won out, 8—6. Penn State played a good fast game, but the visitors were able to capture a victory by masterly team work.

Following the exercises of the graduating class yesterday an informal reception was held on the President's lawn. Last night the farewell reception to the seniors brought the commencement program to a close. Many guests from Bellefonte and other places were in attendance.

Death of Young Fireman.

Harry M. Steiner, a popular young fireman on the Bald Eagle valley railroad, died on Tuesday morning at Tyrone after an illness of but a few hours. While at Snow Shoe Intersection and while heated by continuous hard work, he drank a large quantity of ice water. On resuming his work he fainted. After a time he was revived but became ill again a few hours later. He finally returned to his home, where his condition became worse and he passed away at the time noted.

Deceased was a son of Engineer Harry and Mrs. Elizabeth Steiner. He was born in Philipsburg, July 11, 1895. His early boyhood days were spent in the above place. One year ago last October he moved with his parents to Tyrone. On September 10, 1912, he secured employment with the Pennsylvania Railroad company as an extra fireman on the Tyrone division. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Firemen and Enginemen; also a member of the P. R. R. Relief Association.

Surviving to mourn his death are his parents and the following brothers and sisters: L. W. Steiner, of Benwood, West Virginia; Philip Edward Steiner, of Huntingdon; Mrs. R. H. Galbraith, of Huntingdon, and Alton George Steiner, of Tyrone.

Held for Court.

Police Officer Moore, of Philipsburg, on Tuesday brought Charley Mayes, of Forge Run, to Bellefonte and lodged him in jail to await trial on the charge of disorderly conduct and pointing deadly weapons. Last Saturday evening several men became disorderly on a street car bound from Philipsburg to Winburne. Mayes was in the group and when placed under arrest, it is alleged, he pulled a revolver on Policeman Moore. The disturbers were given a hearing before Burgess Stein, at Philipsburg, and Mayes was held under $500 bail for court. His companions were fined.

Fractured Several Ribs.

J. J. Fisher, of Loveville, while in the act of unloading a wagon of wool at the Sealfon establishment at Tyrone last Friday, had the misfortune of having several ribs fractured.

Free train leaves Bellefonte 10:30 the mornings of the sale, June 19th and 20th.

J. HOWARD NORTH DEAD

Popular Young Business Man Passed Away Following Operation.

Following an illness of a comparatively few hours, J. Howard North, manager of the Bellefonte branch of Lauderbach-Barber Co., died at 2.15 o'clock Wednesday morning at the Bellefonte hospital. Few persons were aware that he had been taken ill and the news of his death came as a shock and occasioned profound sympathy in the community in which he had resided but a brief period but in that time had won many admiring friends. When removed to the Bellefonte hospital it was supposedly for an operation for the removal of gall stones. In the course of the operation it was developed that a more serious complication prevailed and that his condition was extremely critical. Despite all that the attending physcians could do he rapidly became weaker and passed away at the time noted above, his family being at the bedside to the last.

Mr. North came to Bellefonte from Punxsutawney some months ago to assume charge as local manager for the Lauderbach-Barber Co. It was quickly realized that he was a young man of exceptional worth and he at once established an enviable name for himself in the community. By all who had come to know him he was held in the highest esteem. He was a son of Mrs. Mary C. North and was born near Punxsutawney 29 years ago on November 29th, last. He was married November 20th, 1907, to Miss Bertha Lowry. Surviving are his mother and widow and one daughter, Mary Catherine. A brother, Edward G., and two sisters, Olive and Helen, also survive. Brief services were held at the late home on High Street on Wednesday evening. Interment will be made at Punxsutawney on Friday.

Mrs. Josephine Gates Dead.

Mrs. Josephine Gates, wife of Albert Gates, died Sunday morning at her home in WarriorsMark valley, after an illness of eight months. She became ill last October and as her condition did not improve, she was taken on December 11 to the German hospital in Philadelphia, where she submitted to an operation by Dr. John B. Deaver. She failed rapidly and was brought to her home shortly after, where she received every comfort and care until death relieved her sufferings.

Deceased was the daughter of Samuel and Mary Nash and was born at Hannah Furnace, May 10, 1847. Early in life she united with the Lutheran church. She is survived by her husband and these children: Samuel Edgar, of Hutchinson's Run; Walter, of Grazierville; Dementrius, of Tyrone; Thomas, Mrs. Sylzester Nearhoof and Miss Eva G., at home. Two sons and one daughter preceded her to the grave. She also leaves one sister, Mrs Mary Riner, at Osceola Mills.

Mrs. Charlotte E. Howsare Dead.

Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Howsare, wife of H. D. Howsare, died at her home at Altoona last Friday. Death was due to heart disease. She was born February 15, 1853, and is survived by her husband and one daughter, Mrs. R. E. DeLisle, of Greenwood; her mother, Mrs. Sara A. Blair, of Scotia, and these brothers and sisters: John, James, Charles and Darixus, all of Tyrone; Jacob and Lemuel, both of Patton; Nancy and George, of Scotia, and Mrs. George Shope, of Lakemont Terrace. These stepchildren also survive: Mrs. Aattie Aidrey, Mrs. Edna Meiss, Mrs. Nora Clinger, Ira C. and Charles A., all of this city; Misses Verna and Jessie, both at home, and Mrs Ada Inglis, of Bedford, and George H., of Hastings, Fla. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, Powhatan council No. 59, D. of P., and camp No. 49, P. O. of A.

Auto. Turned Turtle.

Merv. Betz, of Jacksonville, and three friends narrowly escaped serious injury in an automobile accident on Tuesday below the Beaver farm, nearby the point where the railroad crosses the road. In making a sharp turn the car turned turtle, but fortunately the occupants got off with no broken, bones although painfully bruised. Ellis Hinds happened along in another car shortly after the accident and rendered assistance.

Married at Boalsburg.

On June 3d, at the Reformed parsonage at Boalsburg, Lloyd Eckenroth, of Pleasant Gap, and Miss E. Grace Carper, of Linden Hall, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. S. C. Stover. The groom is a successful contractor and his bride is the charming daughter of John Carper. They departed on a honeymoon tour to Philadelphia and Atlantic City, expecting to be gone several weeks.

Don't miss the opportunity of a life time to buy lots at State College.

$1,000,000 AVAILABLE FOR ROAD IMPROVEMENT

Automobile License Money Must be Turned Over.

DECISION BY COURTS

Auditor General Powell at Last Defeated in His Policy of Obstruction—Petty Politics at Harrisburg Costly to the Public.

One million dollars for State highways has been made available by a decision by the Dauphin County courts on Monday. For a long time past Auditor General Powell has been holding up State funds which were intended by the Legislature for use in building State roads. He tied up the money by contesting the constitutionality of appropriation bills. As a result of his arbitrary course road improvements in Centre County and other sections of the State have been at a standstill for months. Judge S. J. McCarrell, of Dauphin County, presided over the test case. Judge C. V. Henry, of Leabnon County, who sat with him, concurred in the opinion.

Unless Auditor General Powell turns up with some new scheme, in the shape of an appeal, $1,000,000 accumulated income from automobile licenses is available for immediate use in road work, also all future collections from automobile licenses must be turned over to the State Highway Department.

State Highway Department officials announced that they will proceed at once to devote the money toward building roads. Unless Auditor General Powell again holds up the money the road from Bellefonte to Lock Haven will be completed, and other proposed State highways in the county will receive attention. The State officials who held up appropriations for political purposes have been hotly criticised by the public in general and now they are repudiated by the courts.

CHINESE DEFEATED

Local All-Star Team Scores 13—6 Victory at Wednesday's Game.

The All-Stars batted out a well-earned victory over the Chinese University of Hawaii in Wednesday's baseball game on the new Hughes Athletic Field. The local team was made up of present and former Bellefonte Academy players and proved to be an aggregation of heavy hitters. Dillon, an old Academy favorite, was responsible for seven of the Academy's runs. He lined out a three bagger with the bases full and again with three men on bases he laced out a home run. Apau, who was in the box for the Chinese, was said to be somewhat below form, but at that the heavy hitting of the locals didn't help him improve as the game progressed. Kennedy, who pitched for the locals, was cool and steady throughout. A large crowd was on hand for the game, which was interesting from start to finish. The inside team work of the Chinese excited the admiration of the spectators, although some of the little tricks which fooled the Academy players last year were not so successful yesterday.

Today's game between the same two teams promises to be a hummer. The Chinese will have their strongest pitcher in the box and the visitors are confident of getting away with the long end of the score. Game called at 3 o'clock. "Our Boys Band", from Milesburg, furnished music yesterday and made a big hit with the crowd. The boys will play again at today's game.

The Chinese have this season won 78 games and lost 35. They started very early in the spring, playing with teams along the Pacific coast.

Vonada—Snook.

On Wednesday morning, June 4th, at the Reformed parsonage, Adam Vonada, of Hublersburg, and Miss Carrie Snook, of Mill Hall, were joined in holy wedlock by Rev. Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt. After a brief wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Vonada will make their home at Hublersburg, where the former is engaged successfully in farming.

Auto Over Embankment.

An automobile with three young men from State College aboard was ditched near Axe Mann store this (Thursday) morning. The car went over an embankment of several feet. The occupants were badly bruised, but fortunately escaped serious injury.

Everybody welcome at the big lot sale. Free band concert, 1914 touring car given away.

To Lecture at Chautauqua.

Judge R. M. Wanamaker, of the Ohio Supreme Court, will lecture here during Chautauqua Week, July 7 to 13, on the subject, "Partisanship vs. Patriotism". The Chautauqua program will be filled with lecturers representative of every branch of public life. There will be college professors, professional lecturers, preachers, and statesmen.

There are four distinguished members of the judiciary who are lecturing in Chautauqua Courses. These are Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver; Judge Marcus A. Kavanagh, of Chicago; Judge Blair, of Adams County, Ohio, and Judge Wanamaker, of the Ohio Supreme Court.

Before becoming a Supreme Court Justice, Judge Wanamaker served seven years as Common Pleas Judge at Akron, Ohio. During these seven years he ably demonstrated that the American Trial Court may be speeded up to a semblance of the promptitude of European Courts, if the judge be determined upon doing it. Judge Wanamaker's lecture is like his character, vigorous and unafraid.

JUDGE R. M. WANAMAKER.

ENDORSED AT HOME

Such Proof as This Should Convince any Bellefonte Citizen.

The public endorsement of a local citizen is the best proof that can be propuced. None better, none stronger can behad. When a man comes forward and testifies to his fellow-citizens, addresses his friends and neighbors, you may be ure he is thoroughly convinced or he would not do so. Telling one's experience when it is for the public good is an act of kindness that should be appreciated. The following statement given by a resident of Bellefonte adds one more to the many cases of Home Endorsement which are being published about Doan's Kidney Pills. Read it.

Mrs. J. F. Thal, 23 W. Thomas St., Bellefonte, says: "I suffered from back ache and severe pains across my loins. I also had headaches and dizzy spells, when I got up in the morning. My kidneys caused me a lot of annoyance. My attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills and I began taking them, procuring my supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. One box removed the backache and corrected the trouble from my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me a lot and I always have a good word for them."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Thal had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

New Modern Dances.

The leading Expert and instructor in New York City, writes:

"Dear Sir:—I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for the past ten years, and can say from experience that it is a blessing to all who are compelled to be constantly on their feet. I dance eight or ten hours daily, and find that ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE keeps my feet cool and comfortable, takes the friction from the shoe, prevents corns and Sore, Aching feet. I recommend it to all of my pupils."

(Signed) E. FLETCHER HALLAMORE. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Climate and Weather.

One day at school small Lola was called upon to explain the difference between climate and weather.

"Climate," answered the little miss, "is what we have with us all the time, but weather only lasts a few days."—Chicago News.

The Perfect Life.

"Their home life is ideal."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; she goes abroad in the summer, and he goes south in the winter. Perfect, isn't it?"—Buffalo Express.

Felt Her Part.

"She did the mad scene very well."

"All primed for it. She had just been going over the meager receipts in the box office."—Kansas City Journal.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend you betray your own.—Syrus.

For a mild easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulets, a modern laxative. 25c at all stores.

Advertise in "The Republican"

His One Useful Act

Puttering Turned Out to Be of Value

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

One day Edward Carr, who was always on the lookout for odd articles, attended an auction of furniture in the house of a man who had recently died. An antique desk, said to be 150 years old, was put up, and Carr resolved to buy it if he could secure it at a reasonable price. Among the bidders was a young lady of attractive appearance who seemed to be very desirous of buying the desk, but when the price was run up over $50 she dropped out and with evident disappointment. The desk was finally knocked down to Carr for $100.

One of the pigeonholes he used for pencils, erasers, penholders and other small articles. At times when he brought some little instrument from his workshop that he didn't care to

OUT CAME THE DRAWER WITH THE PAPERS.

carry back at once he would toss it into this pigeonhole. One day he put a pocket compass in there. In taking it out he noticed that the needle was deflected. There was not a bit of metal near enough to affect it sensibly, and Carr was at a loss to understand the deflection.

The young man moved the compass to the right and to the left, the needle holding the same position—toward the pigeonhole. Putting his hand into the latter, he discovered that it did not extend the full depth of the desk. But on examining the other pigeonholes in line with it he found that none of them extended farther back. He tried the magnet on them all, but without any noticeable effect except on the one in question.

Now, what Edward Carr did not know about old desks was not worth knowing. He was aware that many of them contained secret drawers. He was also aware that some of these drawers instead of being made of wood were made of metal. He believed that the needle of his compass was attracted by a metal drawer. At any rate, there was some metal substance there that influenced it. Taking up a penholder, he began to poke about on the back of the pigeonhole. After doing this for some time he struck the upper right hand corner, and the whole surface comprising the end of the compartment pressed forward against his penholder. When it had come as far as it could he took it out and found it to be a drawer made of steel. It was filled with papers yellow with age.

Carr fell to examining the contents. The first paper he opened contained a flower that had evidently been there for many years. Carr wondered what the story was connected with it and passed on to the next. It was a letter from a son to his father promising, if forgiven for past sins, to mend his ways.

On striking the next document Carr assumed that he had come upon something of importance. It was the will of one Peter Carson, executed fifty years before, making a few small bequests and leaving the rest of his estate to Emily Marston.

Here was a will that had been locked up for half a century. Doubtless the testator had died long ago and the estate had gone to the heirs at law, the real heir getting nothing. Possibly there was a later will. If so this one was of no value. Quite likely the property involved had passed into certain hands, and would it not be better that the will should be destroyed? Might it not be better that the possessors should not be disturbed?

Then suddenly the remembrance of the young woman who had bid on the desk and seemed greatly disappointed at not getting it popped up before Carr's mind's eye. Might she not be Emily Marston? He smiled as it occurred to him that Emily Marston could not be less than fifty years old. But the girl and the desk and the will all got tangled up in Carr's brain and he could not separate them.

Carr was not long in deciding on the right way to treat this case. He went to a lawyer and asked him to look up the estate of Peter Carson. It was found that Peter Carson had died forty years before without a will. The heir at law was a son, Nicholas Carson, who had gone to the bad. An effort had been made to find him at the time of his father's death, but it had been unavailing.

There being no proof of Nicholas Carson's death, the estate had remained in chancery for ten years, when the next and only heir at law, Mary Cowdry, spinster daughter of Peter Carson's sister, succeeded in obtaining from the courts a document declaring Nicholas Carson legally dead, and the property was turned over to her. The report made no mention of Emily Marston, but upon inquiry Carr learned that she was a young woman who had taken care of Carson, who was old and feeble. At the time of his death surprise was manifested that he had made no provision for her.

Of all these persons the last named was the one in which Edward Carr was most interested, though it appeared that at Peter Carson's death she was given no special importance. He learned that ten years after his decease she had married. She, too, had died, leaving one child, a daughter, who would now be about twenty years of age.

On learning this Carr was at once struck with the idea that the girl who had tried to buy the desk might be this daughter of Emily Marston and the real heir to Peter Carson's estate, which had been considerable at his death and in the forty-six years that had elapsed since had doubled. It was now in possession of Mary Cowdry, an old woman and still unmarried.

To look for the girl who had bid on the desk would be like looking for a needle in a haystack, but it was not difficult to get the name of Emily Marston's daughter, and it was found to be Emily Peck. Her address was obtained from a directory.

One afternoon Miss Peck, who was a schoolteacher, had just returned from school when a maid brought her the card of Edward G. Carr. Never having heard of Mr. Carr, she thought there must be some mistake, but went down into the parlor.

Carr saw before him the girl who had tried to buy the desk. She did not recognize him, though he recognized her at once.

"I think I have seen you before," he said.

"Indeed! Where?"

"At an auction where I bought a desk."

"Oh, you bought that desk, did you?"

"Yes. May I ask you why you wished it?"

"The desk belonged to an old gentleman, Peter Carson. My mother, as a young girl, took care of him. He told her that he had provided for her in his will, but no will was found. She expected to find it in his desk, but it was not there. The desk was bought by the person whose effects were sold at the auction I attended. I recognized it from my mother's description of it and thought I would like to buy it, since my mother told me she believed there was a secret drawer in it and that secret drawer might contain a will."

"I should be happy to assist you in examining the desk," said Carr, who had a scheme of his own for imparting the information he had for her. "I am living with my mother, and if you will come to our home we will make an investigation."

The young lady brightened up and assented joyfully. Carr kept her talking about the situation till her dinner was announced, when he left her. The next day she called at the Carrs', was received by Mrs. Carr and taken to Edward's room, where stood the desk. Carr began to tap here and there for a secret spring, but, gaining no result, took up his pocket compass. Then he showed his visitor that the needle was deflected and told her that there was metal near it. Following this up with the poking as he had done when he made the discovery, out came the drawer with the papers in it just as he had found them. Handing the drawer to the excited girl, she ran over the papers till she found the will and opened it and saw that she was the possessor of a splendid estate.

Then she fell back in a state of collapse.

Mary Cowdry was not especially sorry that an heir had been found. The estate was of no especial use to her, and she had no one to whom to leave it. She agreed, in consideration of Miss Peck's settling an annuity upon her sufficient for her support, to turn the property over without any process of law. This arrangement was carried out, and Emily Marston's daughter stepped from the position of schoolteacher to millionairess.

When the beneficiary came to ask Edward Carr what she could do for him to show her appreciation of what he had done for her he said that she had done a great deal—all she could do—already. He had been told and had believed that he would be nothing but a putterer and would never be of use to himself or any one else. He had the satisfaction of having brought a rightful heir to her estate, and that was quite enough for a man of whom nothing whatever had been expected.

Whether or not the heiress was caught by this frank modesty, whether she considered that there was but one way to pay the debt she owed, she finally discharged it by giving herself to the man who had made her rich. She takes great pleasure in humoring her husband's taste for old things, and, as for the desk in which the will was found, she has had it inlaid with gold.

EVER SEE A PINK MONKEY?

This South American Brand Is Worse Than the Other Kind.

If you should ever happen to be wandering about the Choco section of Colombia it would be well to have an eye out for the sobbing monkey. If this animal gets on your trail you might as well ring down the curtain and put a period after yourself.

When it gets after the Colombian Indians, according to H. G. Spurrell, naturalist and member of the London School of Tropical Medicine, the Indian listens to the beast's soul withering sobs for three days and three nights and then commits suicide.

Mr. Spurrell says that the sobbing monkey is pink and is one of the most rare animals in South America. For reasons that have never been made clear the sobbing monkey will at certain times in the year leave its home in the most impenetrable wilderness and go to the nearest Indian encampment, where it will select its victim and follow him day and night, keeping up a continual weeping and wailing.

According to tribal traditions this is a sure sign that the victim will shortly be taken with the sleeping sickness or some other fatal disease. It has been customary for the natives to listen to the monkey's sobbing for three days and three nights and then commit suicide, thus avoiding death by the dreaded sickness.—New York Mail.

MIND AND HEALTH.

Physical Conditions Often at the Mercy of Mental Attitudes.

A scientist writes: "A woman fancied she had swallowed a frog and was rapidly sinking. The efforts of physicians failed to afford her relief. It occurred to some one that she might be deluded into health. A tiny frog was caught and put into a tube with which they were attempting to wash out her stomach. When the frog was thrown out of the tube the girl expressed relief and said she hoped they were satisfied her complaints had a real foundation. In a short time she was restored to health. This is only one of the instances in which the mind has affected the physical condition.

"No one doubts that persons have been frightened to death, and ridicule in statements of this kind should end. The influence of the mind is a subject which calls for investigation and study. There is no question that mental agitation aggravates, if it does not cause, disease. Many a child droops and dies because it feels it is unappreciated and neglected. Many who survive drag out a miserable existence instead of being full of hope and joy and energy, promise and pleasure and making themselves useful in the world."—New York Press.

A Lonesome Donkey.

One summer Mr. Oakes, an eminent lawyer, sent his wife and young daughter to a farmhouse in the White mountains for a vacation. Shortly after he received an urgent request from the little girl to send her a pet donkey to use while there. She had read about donkeys and heard about them, but was not at all familiar with their peculiar vocalism.

The donkey arrived, and the child had many rides around the vicinity. She enjoyed it all hugely, except the animal's strange noises, which inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress.

One day after vainly trying to subdue his vocalism she wrote a letter to her father, in which she said:

"Dear Father—I do wish you would come up here soon, my donkey is so very lonesome."—National Monthly.

The Duelist's Disease.

Dr. Pean, a Paris physician, was called as a physician to attend a duel. One of the adversaries was so cowardly that he ran away after the first shot, unhurt. The four seconds, the remaining combatant and the doctor stood looking at each other with embarrassment and discomfiture when Dr. Pean broke the silence by saying gravely, "I know the disease that has suddenly attacked this gentleman." And, taking out his pencil and paper, he drew up a report as follows: "At the first shot Mr. X. was taken with a sudden attack of tachypodia that would not yield to treatment. The seconds therefore, on consultation with the physician, stopped the duel." Thus "honor" was saved.

Thoroughly Base.

An old forger who has served five terms in various penitentiaries and who is now refraining from fancy penmanship in order to enjoy an uninterrupted vacation for a week or twain accords us the following epigram from the depth of his experience:

"I never realized the complete baseness of my nature until one day I found myself unconsciously raising my own check!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Different Views.

Binks—Oh, I guess your rich aunt will remember you. You made a big hit with her by going into mourning when her cat died. Jinks—True, but listen. Now the other relatives accuse me of poisoning the cat to get the opportunity.—Exchange.

Right Out In Front.

"Do you believe in women in the home coming to the front?"

"You can't prevent 'em if there's a wedding in the neighborhood."—Baltimore American.

In the Candy Store.

"What do you want, little boy?"

"Nothin', ma'am. I jest come to see what I might 'a' got if I hadn't 'a' lost my penny."—Life.

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How the Message Was Carried

A Story For Independence Day

By EUNICE BLAKE

"Grandpapa, tell us a story," said one of a group of children.

"What kind of a story?"

"Why, a Fourth of July story, of course. We'd like that best."

"But, my dears, the Fourth of July is made a holiday to celebrate the issuing of the Declaration of Independence. The only story appropriate to such a day would be a story of the times in which it was passed, involving some episode connected with the efforts of our ancestors to maintain the stand they had taken. Now, I wasn't born till nearly three-quarters of a century after July 4, 1776, the day on which our nation was born.

"But my grandfather was still living when I was a little boy, just about the age of Sammy there, and he had lived when the war of the Revolution was being fought and had taken part in it himself. He often told me stories of what happened in those days, and one of them especially impressed me.

"You must remember that in 1776 all of the American colonies were grouped along the Atlantic coast. Most of the territory extending to the Pacific ocean was a wilderness, and much of it had never been explored. The territory of the colonies may be compared to a bird with outstretched wings. The northern wing was the New England colonies; the body was New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; the southern wing was the colonies of the south. Through the body of the bird ran the Hudson river, which, with Lake Champlain, formed the only practicable route to Canada.

"After the battle of Bunker Hill at Boston the struggle between the Americans and British was principally for the possession of the Hudson river. Washington, after the battles about New York city, went to New Jersey, where he was between the two wings of the bird.

"I have taken pains to explain this to you that you may understand why Washington spent so much of the time he was commander in chief of the American forces in New Jersey and why so much of the fighting was done in that state. Besides, the story I am going to tell you took place there.

"When Washington first went to New Jersey he took position at Hackensack with half the army, leaving the other half on the other side of the Hudson north of New York city under command of General Charles Lee. Washington, being convinced that General Howe, commanding the British forces in New York, was intending to march southward through New Jersey, decided to order Lee to cross the Hudson and join him that he might oppose Howe's move with a united force.

"My grandfather was a sergeant in the ranks of Washington's army. He had done some successful scouting for the commander during the fighting on Long Island and afterward on Manhattan Island and by his daring and adroitness had gained the general's confidence as a good person to carry a message. He sent for Abner—my grandfather's name was Abner Jones—and told him he wished him to carry a message to General Lee.

"I have no doubt that Abner was a very daring youngster—youngsters are usually fearless—but the sequel proved that his daring was akin to recklessness. The message he was to carry was a very important one, and it was very important that he confine his attention to it alone. He had but ten miles to go to reach the river and no great distance to reach General Lee on the other side, but it was over debatable ground, and he was liable to meet small lots of British as well as American soldiers.

"Washington gave Abner the order for General Lee written on tissue paper and rolled into a little ball about the size of a pea. In case he was captured with it on him he was to swallow it, for if the British general should know that Washington was intending to have Lee join him he would doubtless take measures to prevent the junction.

"Abner concluded to walk to the Hudson dressed as a farmer. With a pitchfork on his shoulder, he trudged along, meeting an occasional British or American trooper, all of whom passed him without especially noticing him. As he proceeded he thought how he should cross the Hudson when he once reached it, and here is where his recklessness came in, though that recklessness had a spur, which was love for a pretty girl. On the west bank of the Hudson lived Deborah Goodwin, the daughter of a prominent British sympathizer. Abner could trust Deborah, but if her father should know that he carried a message from the commander in chief and Mr. Goodwin could get it he would send it at once to General Howe at New York. On the other hand, Abner thought that Deborah might find a way for him to cross the river.

"Abner persuaded himself that he had better go to the Goodwin house, being influenced by a desire to see his sweetheart. In truth, he should have avoided any Tory house as he would poison. On the evening of the day he left Hackensack he appeared at the Goodwin house, and when he knocked at the door Deborah admitted him.

"'Why, Abner,' she said, 'what are you doing here in those clothes? Have you left the army?'

"'No. Does any one here know that I am in the army?'

"'Certainly; father knows it.'

"There was a footstep on the stairs. Abner took his paper pill from his ear, where he had carried it, and, holding it between his thumb and finger, held it to Deborah's lips, pushing it into her mouth. He had only done so when her father came down the staircase. On seeing Abner and noting his garb he looked surprised. He questioned the boy, and the replies he received made him at once suspicious. Knowing that Abner was a soldier in Washington's army, that he was traveling in a direct line between the American forces in New Jersey and New York, it did not take him very long to surmise that there was a possibility of the young man's carrying a message from the one to the other. He knew of the affair between Abner and Deborah, but considered his duty to his king paramount to that to his daughter. He concealed his intentions till he could get Abner in his power. He invited him to supper, meanwhile sending a negro messenger to his nearest Tory neighbor with a message saying that he thought he had a rebel spy in his house and asking for help to make him a prisoner.

"An hour after Abner's arrival at the Goodwin house it was surrounded by several Tories, and Abner was made a prisoner. He was searched, but no message was found on him, since he had transferred it to Deborah. Then he was locked in a room on the top floor of the house while a consultation was held by his captors as to what should be done with him. While they were still suspicious of him, his appearing in farm clothes at the house led them to believe that he had left camp without permission in order to visit his sweetheart. They decided to take no further action regarding him than to keep him locked up for a few days, then let him go.

"So my grandfather—I mean Abner Jones—was taken to a room in the roof of the house—the roofs were enormous in those days, with big dormer windows—and locked up. No young fellow with plenty of ingenuity was liable to remain there very long, especially with a sweetheart in the house to help him out. But it was a long distance from the window to the ground, and Deborah could not get the key of the door, for her father had hidden it.

"Abner looked out of his window upon an enormous elm tree growing near, but not near enough for him to reach. However, he began at once to lay plans to escape by means of the tree. He made a rope of the bedclothes, then looked about for something he could tie to one end of it that he could throw to catch in a crotch formed by two limbs of the tree about ten feet from and above his window. The only thing he could find was a long iron poker belonging to a set of fireplace implements among other rubbish in the room.

"Tying the poker at its middle to his improvised rope, he waited till the house should be quiet before proceeding any further. About 10 o'clock he heard a scratching at his door, which at first he thought to come from a mouse, but it was repeated, and he went to the door and listened. The scratching seemed to come from the bottom of the door. He got down on to the floor and heard his name whispered. The voice was Deborah's.

"She told him that she would like to free him, but could see no way of doing so. He told her of the plan he proposed to try, but if he succeeded in throwing the poker so as to catch in the crotch he must swing himself off some fifty feet from the ground with a possibility of falling and being killed. Deborah begged him not to try it, promising to take the message to General Lee. It was finally agreed between them that if he failed to escape she would do so, but in any event she was to steal out of the house that she might meet him under the tree in case his feat should be successful.

"It was about midnight that Deborah, standing under the elm tree, heard something beat against the branches above. She listened and the sound was repeated. Abner threw his poker more than a dozen times before it caught, each time having great difficulty in keeping it from striking the house on its return. At last it caught, and firmly. Abner, clinging to the rope he had made, swung himself off and for some time vibrated in the air like a pendulum. When he settled, letting himself down to a branch beneath him, he descended from it to the ground. There he found Deborah, who was so moved by the danger he had passed that she sank limp into his arms.

"Lover-like, Abner lingered with his sweetheart for half an hour. She told him where he could get a boat, and when he left her he was not long in finding it. He pulled across the river, delivered his message and the next evening was back in camp.

"Unfortunately General Lee was a British adventurer and had no sympathy with the cause of the colonies. He disobeyed the order and caused General Washington a great deal of trouble, coming near depriving us today of celebrating the Fourth of July. He was finally dismissed from the army, which was a blessing to the side on which he pretended to fight."

"But, grandpa, why don't we read in our school histories all about this?"

"Well, my dears," said the old man, hesitating, "Abner never said anything about his having been stopped on the way. No one knew it except himself, and he only told when he got to be a very old man."

THE PERFECT SPELLER.

Test Him by Having Him Write This Jumble From Dictation.

One occasionally comes across a superior person who tells you he can easily spell any word every printed in a dictionary. If ever you meet this type of man just ask somebody to dictate the following jumble to him and see how many mistakes he will make:

"Antinous, a disappointed, desiccated physicist, was peeling potatoes in an embarrassing and harassing way. His idiosyncrasy and privilege was to eat mayonnaise and mussels while staring at the Pleiades and seizing people's tricycles and velocipedes. He was an erring teetotaler and had been on a picayune jamboree. He rode a palfrey stallion and carried a salable papier mache bouquet of asters, phlox, mullein, chrysanthemums, rhododendrons, fuchsias and nasturtiums.

"He wore a sibyl's resplendent turquoise paraphernalia, an ormolu yashmak and astrakhan chaparejos. He drank crystallizable and disagreeable curacao juleps through a sieve. He stole some moneys and hid them under a peddler's mahogany bedstead and mattress.

"Like a fiend in an ecstasy of gayety I rushed after him into the maelstrom, or melee, and held him as in a vise. I could not feaze him, however, and he addressed me, with autocracy, in the following imbecile words, which sounded like a soliloquy or a superseding paean on an oboe: 'You are a ratable lunamoth, a salaaming vizier, an equinoctial coryphee and an isosceles daguerreotype."—New York Mail.

CUPID'S QUEER PRANK.

A Wedding Blunder That Furnished a Curious Climax.

The other evening we were talking to Mr. Bransby Williams, the delightful impersonator of Dickens' characters, and he told us this story:

The scene was a London parish, and the period recent. The vicar was sitting in his study one morning when in burst the verger in a great state of excitement.

"Mr. ——" (mentioning the curate's name) "wants you at once, sir," he exclaimed. "He has married two couples and married the two men to the wrong women, and he does not know what to do!"

"Have they signed the register?" inquired the clergyman.

"No," was the verger's response.

"Then they can be married again," said the vicar. "Tell Mr. —— I will be at the church in a minute or two to perform the ceremony."

In due course the incumbent made his way to the church and found the parties gathered at the entrance.

Before he could say anything one of the bridegrooms approached and said:

"We have been talking it over, sir, and we have made up our minds to remain as we are."

And they did so.—Pearson's Weekly.

Breaking Out the Colors.

A pretty sight aboard ship is the breaking out of the flags on reaching a port. At the appointed time a seaman takes his station at the forward mast and another at the rear mast. In his hand is a small silken bundle, tightly rolled. This is sent aloft. When the signal to break out the colors is given a cord is pulled, the bundle unrolls, and a splendid silk flag flutters out into the breeze. At the foremast is that of the nation whose port the ship is entering, while that on the rear mast is the flag of the steamship company, the ship's nationality being advertised by a large flag at the stern. The latter is lowered or dipped by way of salute when another steamer is passed out in the ocean.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Unbearable Perfumes.

The perfume of flowers can make some people shiver. A member of the London Spiritualist Alliance tells of a woman who dreads the smell of hyacinths. Once at a party the hostess, knowing her visitor's horror of the flowers, hid them behind a screen, yet although they were concealed from view the woman detected them and fainted shortly after entering the room. The Princess of Lamballe, a friend of Marie Antoinette and a victim of the French revolution, would always turn pale at the sight of a violet, and Vincent, the painter, swooned at the smell of roses.

Insanity.

There has never been a satisfactory definition of insanity, the best, that of Sir William Hamilton, that it is "the paralysis of the regulating or legislative faculties of the mind," leaving us far from being satisfied. Like sleep, like dreams, like life itself, insanity is a mystery that no man understands. Its causes lie in the "De profundis" that no science has as yet explored.—New York American.

The Candid Friend.

Alleged Composer (at piano)—Listen to this. He does brutal things to the instrument. How do you like it? Too little air and too many variations perhaps? The Helpless Friend—Yes; give me more air. (He opens the window.)—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Very Likely.

"Did you ever notice one thing about a ship?"

"What's that?"

"She can't make knots when she's tied up."—Baltimore American.

Study Great Men.

To be ignorant of the lives of the most celebrated men of antiquity is to continue in a state of childhood all our days.—Plutarch.

THE OLD TRADE DOLLAR.

And the Exact Ratio of Gold to Silver In the Year 1870.

Three mining engineers were gathered together the other day, and the question as to the value of an old trade dollar came up. Strange as it may seem, no one knew its value, and there was considerable haziness as to the exact value of an ounce of pure gold or of the old fashioned value of an ounce of silver, says a correspondent in the Engineering and Mining Journal. Calculations which I made seemed to indicate that the ratio of gold to silver in 1870 was not exactly 16 to 1. Possibly it may be of interest to the profession to know the exact figures which I have received from the assayer of the mint bureau, United States treasury.

Coinage value of one ounce pure gold is $20.671834625. A convenient fact, easy to remember, regarding this figure is that forty-three ounces of coin gold, 900 fine, are worth $800.

Coin value of an ounce of silver 1870	$1.2929
Coinage value of a trade dollar in 1870	1.01813
The coinage value of a Mexican dollar in 1870	1.0159

The trade dollar was coined so that it might be used in the orient on a parity with the Mexican dollar, which it slightly exceeded in value. The Mexican dollar, no longer coined, weighed 417.74 grains and was 902.7 fine, slightly in excess of the United States fineness of 900.

In 1870 the ratio of gold to silver was not 16 to 1, but 15.9884— to 1. This silver ratio has been discontinued, and the ratio for the present subsidiary coinage is 14.95349 to 1.

OLDEST PARIS NEWSPAPER.

The Journal Des Debats and Napoleon's Famous News Order.

The oldest newspaper in Paris, the Journal des Debats, was one of the cluster of newspapers which sprang into being with the beginnings of popular government in 1789.

It was founded by a printer named Baudoin, and purported to be, as its name shows, a mere chronicle of political events. Owing to its pungent criticisms of men and affairs it soon became one of the most influential of the Paris journals.

In 1805 the paper was compelled by Napoleon to change its name and became the Journal de l'Empire. It was in the course of the correspondence which took place between Napoleon and the editor, Fievee, on the subject of the threatened censorship that the emperor gave the order which has become famous, about the policy of the newspaper, "that it should publish no news unfavorable to the government until the truth was so well known that publication was needless."

After Napoleon's retirement to Elba the paper resumed its old title. It is still edited and printed in the house where it was first started, beside the church of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, from the tower of which the signal was given for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve. Of all the great Paris newspapers it has been the least affected by the modern developments of journalism, and its dignified columns are an encouragement to thoughtful reflection and a serious study of affairs.—London Times.

The Reconciliation.

The doctor was soon at the child's bedside. Remedies were administered; then the agonized pair watched the fight for life—skill and vitality on one side, fierce disease on the other. When at last the struggle ceased the gray dawn of day was looking in at the window. Life had won. The child slept.

"She is all right now," said the doctor, shaking the man's hand, which had gripped his, and feeling his heart grow warmer under the look of mute gratitude the woman turned upon him.

When he had gone the two stood side by side at the baby's crib, listening to her regular breathing. Then with one accord they turned and kissed each other. And in that kiss the icy barrier between them melted away.—Atlanta Constitution.

Heyse as a Prize Winner.

The late Paul Heyse was probably the only man of letters who could boast of having obtained two important literary prizes with an interval of more than half a century between the awards. All the world knows that he got the Nobel prize. All the world does not know that his play, "The Sabines," was allotted a prize in a dramatic competition as long ago as 1857. He was a member of the Round Table of the good King Max of Bavaria, a sovereign whose joy it was to surround himself with men of science and letters.—Pall Mall Gazette.

She Was Exact.

"I am sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the little girl who had come in late. "Is she sick abed?"

"Well, not quite," replied the truthful child. "She's just sick a-sofa."—Chicago Tribune.

Dog Love.

"You can't dishearten the right kind of a dog," remarked the man on the car. "Cut off seven-eighths of his tail and he will try to wigwag his love with the remaining eighth."—Toledo Blade.

Fine Remedy Indeed.

Wife—If you can't sleep why don't you see a doctor? Husband (grouchily)—And then have a bill to keep me awake!—Topeka Journal.

Put a little more in than you take out and your purse will soon fill.

A Dutch Girl's Choice

Being a Story of New Amsterdam

By F. A. MITCHEL

Anne de Heere was a lassie of New Amsterdam, now the great city of New York, and lived on Wall street. Anne, whose father was an oysterman and owned the lot on which he lived, never dreamed that if she could return to life after a couple of centuries she would see the straggling shanties about her home replaced by tall buildings and the street full of people, rushing hither and thither in such a hurry as was never seen in the old Dutch town.

At the time Anne lived in Wall street even the wall or palisade from which it was named had not yet been built. But there was a cattle guard just north of her humble abode composed of the branches of trees for the purpose of keeping the cows and the pigs and other animals within bounds. It was no great walk for her to go down to the river on the east or the river on the west.

Anne was drawn in both directions, having a lover, a young man owning a small farm at the foot of King—since the revolution of the colonies called Liberty—street, while near the foot of Wall street dwelt another wooer, a sailmaker. Nicholas Oothout, the farmer, was a Dutchman, while Samuel Monk, the sailmaker, was an Englishman. Each man possessed certain advantages over the other. Monk owned a plot of ground near the foot of Wall street, or, to speak more correctly, what was afterward called Wall street, and the town was growing in that direction. But his sweetheart spoke or understood very little English, and Oothout, being a Dutchman, could pour love into her ear, while his rival must be content to look what he felt. Both men were young, of good habits and equally attractive or unattractive according to taste.

In those days stood a windmill to the westward of where Anne lived, near the present corner of Broadway and Wall street, and on summer evenings Anne used to meet her Dutch lover there and, sitting under its great wings, listen to his tale of love. Northeastward of her home was the Collect, a pond, and on other evenings she and the Englishman would sit on the bank holding hands, while Monk looked at her wistfully. The windmill and the pond have both long since disappeared (as have the three persons to whom this story relates), but old prints of them remain among the New York Historical society's records.

Anne's father favored Monk's suit because the plot of ground he owned was increasing in value, while Oothout's little farm on the North river seemed destined to remain forever a farm. There was then no use for an avenue extending northward, and Broadway did not reach as far as Wall street. The bank of the Hudson contained no buildings, while the street on the East river was being built upon, and the slips or docks containing the shipping were located there. Had these people lived centuries instead of scores of years Oothout's farm would have won old De Heere's approbation to the owner's suit for the hand of his daughter, for today the east side in New York is of little value compared with that farther west. They not only lived lives too short to take in these changes, but Anne was of a marriageable age and would not remain so.

While it was known that De Heere favored Monk's suit, no one knew which of her two lovers Anne preferred, for one evening she would be seen sitting under the wings of the windmill with Oothout, the next on the bank of the pond with Monk. One day she would be out in a boat on the North river with the farmer on a trip to Communipaw, on the Jersey shore, the next skimming the East river in the direction of Hell Gate. Even her father did not know which one of the two men she would accept. True, those were days when parents did not ask their children whom they preferred to marry, choosing for them themselves, but De Heere knew that his daughter could not be forced to marry against her will. He only feared that she was so in love with both that she could not decide upon either and that she would remain a maid.

Indeed, this was Anne's weak point. She loved to listen to the—to any one except a Hollander—jaw breaking passages in which Oothout expressed his tender feelings for her and to see Monk's fine blue British eyes turned upon her for a like purpose. It was not that she did not in her heart prefer one of the two that she put off deciding between them, but that she did not relish giving up the lovemaking of either.

But what was fun for her was harrowing to the rivals. In those days the Dutch and English peoples were in no good humor with each other, and it was not to be expected that a Dutchman and an Englishman could long be rivals for the hand of a girl without a scrap. They met one day near the fort and began to pummel each other. There was a cry for the watch, and by the time both the combatants had become exhausted a fat man came running down Broadway with a number of dogs and children at his heels and arrested them on a charge of breach of the peace. They were let off with a small fine, but soon met again, with the result of another fight, this time being both put in the stocks.

They had not long been liberated when they were at it again, but this time old De Heere took the matter up and promised the magistrate that there should be no more breaches of the peace on his daughter's account, for he would answer for it that she decided between her suitors immediately. They were let off. Oothout promising not to come east of the Presbyterian church on Wall street, between what is now Nassau street and Broadway, while Monk agreed to keep east of what was later Hanover street. This, however, was a temporary restraint to last till the little Dutch girl should stop the war permanently by choosing one or the other of the contestants for her hand.

When Anne was told by her father that before noon on the morrow she must come to a decision she vowed she would do no such thing. But her father told her that he had given his word and the town authorities would stand the quarrels of her lovers no longer. They were not blamed, for it was well known that it was her action that had brought on the trouble and kept it alive. Indeed, she was given to understand that if Oothout and Monk fought again on her account she would be put in the pillory.

This threat brought the stubborn girl around. She promised her father that she would make up her mind by the next morning which suitor she would accept. That night she sank out of sight into her feather bed much troubled. She was really committed to both her suitors, and this was the cause of the bad blood between them, for each, having her promise to marry him, regarded the other as an intruder upon his domain.

Anne found her feather bed conducive to thought, and she thought to a purpose. The next morning she told her father to summon both her lovers to the house and she would decide between them. When they came she caused a cessation of the angry glances darted between them by telling them, first in Dutch and then in a combination of Dutch and English, that she would light two candles at the same moment, the one representing Oothout the other Monk. Whichever candle burned the longer she would marry the man it represented.

Each man having considered himself accepted for a time, there was a prospect that the matter must be fought out to the death of one or the other. But Anne calmed them by giving each a glance, causing him to think whichever won was her preference. The candles were brought in. Anne put them together to show that they were of equal length, then set one on a sideboard for Oothout and the other on the mantel for Monk, having lighted them as nearly as possible together.

"The candles will burn about two hours," she said. "It is not best that you two men should remain here all that time, for one or both might be tempted to do something to make the other's candle burn more quickly. Go away in the direction of your respective homes, and when the clock strikes the hour of noon return. The candles will then be nearly burned out."

So Oothout went to his farm and Monk to his sail loft, but neither did any work, both listening for the summons to return and learn his fate.

At 12 o'clock the two men were seen approaching, the one from the west the other from the east. Oothout passed into the house first and, darting an anxious glance to the candles, turned his eyes upward, saying, "St. Nicholas be praised!" for his candle was half an inch long and was burning brightly, while the other was flaring within the socket. Monk came in a moment later and, seeing that he had lost, gave Anne a despairing look, turned and left the house.

Then a reaction came over the Dutchman. "I have won!" he cried. "But what have I won? Only half a heart at most and perhaps no heart at all. It may be you prefer my rival, who has lost. It may be you love neither of us. This must be, or you would not have left your choice to chance."

Anne took him by the hand and led him to the candle that was still giving a steady flame. There she pointed on the candlestick to a few white grains.

"Wet your finger," she said, "take up some of these grains and put them on your tongue."

Nicholas did so and pronounced them salt.

"Do you not know," added Anne, "that salt on the wick of a candle causes it to burn more slowly?"

Her lover understood and clasped her in his arms.

On the site where stood the De Heere shanty a century later lived a historic character. When Wall street became the fashionable residence street of New York Alexander Hamilton's house was No. 33. From there after he was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr his body was carried to Trinity churchyard, not a quarter of a mile distant, where it still lies under the unpretentious monument that marks its location.

Not long after that the brick dwellings that lined Wall street were given up to business, but from the middle of the last century they have been gradually torn down to make room for the tall office buildings that make the street look like a narrow gorge. And now the unpaved roadway that was the scene of this simple romance is a seething mass of men, either rich or striving to get rich. By night it is as silent as a graveyard.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 11, 1914

CHARLES E. DORWORTH. - Ed., & Pub.

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THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

United States Senator—Boies Penrose.
Governor—Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh.
Lieutenant Governor—Frank B. McClain.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.
Supreme Court Justice—Robert S. Frazer.
Superior Court Judge—Frank M. Trexler.
Congress-at-Large—M. M. Garland, J. R. K. Scott, Thomas S. Crago and Daniel F. Lafean.
Congress, 21st. Dist.—Charles H. Rowland.
State Senate, 34th. Dist.—S. J. Miller.
Assembly—Harry B. Scott.

That McCormick fortune must have come easy. A $33,000 nomination for Governor would hardly suggest that it was bought by a man who had first earned the money.

Perhaps it is a good thing McCormick distributed that $33,000. It will help some fellows put coal in the bin who otherwise never would have got a glimpse of a McCormick dollar.

Nominating a set of slated candidates and electing the slate are two separate and distinct propositions—as certain Centre County Democrats will learn along about election day in November.

Here's hoping that Dr. Brumbaugh is elected Governor and that after he takes hold at Harrisburg he will dump out of jobs some old political fossils who have outlived their usefulness both at home and abroad.

By the way, has anybody heard anything about Centre County Democrats receiving rewards from the Wilson administration for hard work in the last presidsntial campaign. Looks as if they are only expected to do the work and not share in the pie.

According to the viewpoint of the Democratic reorganization bosslets in Centre County, just because they slaughtered John A. Williams, of Port Matilda, at the recent primaries, is no reason why he should notjump in with a whoop and work his head off for the success of the reorganization slated ticket next November.

It is rumored that Bald Eagle creek and Spring creek are to be made navigable to enable the Surveyor of the Port to cruise from Philadelphia to Centre County every time he feels like coming home and licking the stuffing out of the old line regular Democrats. Some provision should be made for row boats for the little lieutenants when they are commanded to appear at the throne and get their orders.

The Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, now that he has been nominated for United States Senator, respectfully wishes the old regular Democrats to forget the vicious things he had to say about them and their favorite candidates at the recent primaries and he will accord them the privilege of voting for him on November 3d. Of course, any self-owned Democrat who dares to differ with Mr. Palmer is a traitor to his party.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Isaac M. Thomas, late of Bellefonte Borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authesticated for settlement.

J. K. JOHNSTON, Solicitor.
MARTHA J. THOMAS
C. ARTHUR THOMAS
Admrs.
Bellefonte, Pa.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Buy lots, name your own price, easy terms, a liberal discount for cash.

$33,000 REFORM.

The expense accounts filed at Harrisburg by candidates, as required by law, reveal that one Vance C. McCormick, reform Democratic nominee for Governor spent over $33,000 in the recent primary campaign. The salary of Governor is $10,000 a year, and his term four years, therefore Mr. McCormick has already expended over three-fourths of the total amount he would receive in the event of his election. And his general election expenses are yet to come. If his expenditures between now and November equal those of his primary campaign he will have to put out over $66,000 to gain possession of an office paying but $40,000.

The magnitude of such campaign expenditures staggers the layman, particularly when we are told that we are living in the age of Democratic reform. Mr. McCormick is one of the leaders of the Democratic reorganization movement, and a cardinal principle of that high-ideal but very practical outfit was war against the lavish use of money in politics. If we are right in our recollection, one of the most caustic shafts hurled by the reorganizers against the old Democratic regulars was damning the expenditure of cash for political control. Mr. McCormick, as one of those profiting by such charges, now bobs up as a believer in the principle of mixing coin and politics, at least to the tune of $30,000.

The man who is willing to spend over $33,000 for a nomination for Governor may be expected to spend as much again, if not more, to gain his election, especially when he has the money. Mr. McCormick has it and past events indicate his disposition to tap his barrel. Why all this flooding of money to gain control of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania? What is the secret behind such liberality on the part of a candidate? As a rule the man who spends money in politics expects to get it back. True, Mr. McCormick is rich and doesn't have to lie awake at nights to figure how to meet his bread bill in the morning, at the same time he is not throwing away $33,000 for nothing. The most charitable view one can take of such desperate tactics is that the reorganizers deem it absolutely necessary to capture the Governor's office in order to retain party control in Pennsylvania and are willing to spend a fortune to do so.

The old regular Democrats were a hardened lot in the use of money in politics, but the reorganizers apparently have them frazzled coming and going. Over $33,000 for a nomination for office, and this in the age of business depression and hard times, is sufficient cause for reflection by voters of all parties. It is refreshing to note that one Martin G. Brumbaugh, a Republican, by the way, spent $2300.17 for his nomination for Governor. Apparently he wants to be Governor for the good he can do all of the people of Pennsylvania and not merely for the good it will do some political faction. And that is another thought worth puttiing in your pipe for an after-dinner smoke.

Mrs. Ellen Kelleher Dead.

Mrs. Ellen Kelleher passed to the life beyond at the Clearfield hospital on Tuesday afternoon of last week. For a year or more Mrs. Kelleher had been in failing health, and a few weeks since she was taken to the Clearfield hospital for an operation. The immediate results of this operation were gratifying and everything seemed to point to additional years of a busy and useful life. On last Monday, however, she suffered a relapse and gradually grew weaker until the spirit fled on Tuesday afternoon. She was the mother of Joseph Kelleher, of Bellefonte

AGENTS WANTED—For Centre County Male or Female. Good reliable proposition; quick selling household art cle. We give exclusive territory. Address L. Daggett P. O. Box 11, Bellefonte, Pa.

A Difference.

"Say, mister, I hear you want a new office boy?"

"That's so."

"I'm the guy. What's the pay?"

"But I don't think you will do."

"What's the matter? Don't you want a new kid?"

"Yes, but not a fresh one."—Detroit Free Press.

No Proverb to Guide Him.

She—A proverb says that fruit is gold in the morning and lead at night, meaning that it's bad for one in the evening, I suppose. He—That's right! Look at the trouble Adam got into by eating an apple after Eve—Boston Transcript.

After Marriage.

"Oh, dear, Max, what a prosaic person you are. I'm afraid we shall never understand each other very well."

"Don't you worry! You understood my proposal all right, and that was in the baldest kind of prose."—Filegende Blatter.

MADRID'S ARID SITE.

Parched and Dusty Now, It Was Once a Watered Garden Spot.

Travelers find it hard to believe that Madrid ever abounded with water. The modern town stands on so bleak and arid an eminence, its surroundings, save in early spring, are so parched and dusty and the water peddler's cry of "Agua! Agua!" is so insistent and ubiquitous one fancies Madrid must have been thirsty from the beginning.

Yet its ancient coat of arms was a large flint half immersed in water, with steel hatchets striking it on either side, the ascending sparks forming a sort of canopy around it. Appended was the motto:

I was built on water.
My walls are of fire.
Such is my emblazonment.

This device was emblematic only of the city and its early days before Charles V. had started it on its headlong career of greatness merely because he credited its climate with having cured him of a fever.

At that time Madrid was a small town embowered in gardens and woods and meadows and with springs and wells lavishly supplied by nature. The Manzanares, now a melancholy, meager stream, was of a measurable depth. But with the apportioning of her territory into palaces and lodging houses for the royal hangers-on and the cutting down of the trees to swell the royal treasury the inevitable followed. The sun of well nigh 400 summers has burned and reburned the site of the old town and its bestripped suburbs and dried up the natural moisture. At present the climate of Madrid is nearly the most trying in all Europe.—From Calvert's "Madrid."

SCHOOLS IN ARABIA.

Pupils Sit Swaying on the Floor as They All Study Aloud.

In the schools of Arabia the children, with the schoolmaster, sit upon the floor or the ground in a semicircle, and each has a tablet of wood which is painted white and upon which the lessons are written. When the latter are learned they are washed out and replaced by other lessons.

During study hours the Arab schools remind one of the Chinese, for the children all study aloud, and as they chant they rock back and forth like trees in a storm, and this movement is continued for an hour or more at a time. The schoolmaster rocks back and forth also, and altogether the school presents a most novel appearance as well as sound. Worshipers in the mosques always move about while reciting the Koran, as this movement is believed to assist the memory.

The desks of the Arab schools are odd contrivances of palm sticks, upon which is placed the Koran or one of the thirty sections of it. After learning the alphabet the boys take up the study of the Koran, memorizing entire chapters of it until the sacred book is entirely familiar.

A peculiar method is followed in learning the Koran. The study begins with the opening chapter, and from this it skips to the last. The last but one is then learned, then the last but two, and so on in inverted order, ending finally with the second chapter.

Origin of the Word "Mustard."

Our English word "mustard" is traceable to the French "moutarde," the origin of which is curiously given. In 1382 Philip the Bold, duke of Burgundy, granted to the town of Dijon the privilege of bearing his armorial ensigns, with the motto "Moult me tarde" ("I wish ardently"), in return for a handsome contingent of a thousand men furnished to him at its expense. Pleased with the royal condescension, the authorities ordered the device to be affixed over the principal gates of the city. Time or accident at length obliterated the middle word, and the two remaining, moult tarde, were printed on the labels which the merchants of Dijon pasted on pots in which they sent this commodity all over the world.

Our Constitution.

The United States constitution is not modeled on any other; but, on the contrary, several are modeled on it, notably those of Canada, Australia, the Central and South American republics, Switzerland and, to a certain extent, China. It was drafted by a convention in 1787, ratified by nine states (the prescribed number) in 1788 and set to work under George Washington as first president in 1789. It is a very simple document, containing originally only seven articles.—Christian Herald.

As Good as His Word.

He—I always make it a point to profit by the mistakes of others.

She—I got weary of George Brixton because he never seemed to know when to go home.

He then bade her good night.—Cleveland Leader.

Optimist and Pessimist.

"What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

"A pessimist is always thinking of his liabilities, while an optimist thinks only of his assets."—Judge.

Natural Result.

"The magistrate in a Brooklyn court was injured yesterday when the ceiling fell."

"Yes. I heard he was all covered with court plaster."—Buffalo Express.

Loss of Sleep.

Medical authorities state that it takes fifteen days for the average human body to recover fully from the loss of two consecutive nights' sleep.

Pruning Shade Trees.

A writer who has several shade trees on his premises inquired of Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., for the method and time to prune shade trees. In reply to his request for information as to the time and method of pruning Professor Surface wrote a letter which contains information of value to all persons who have shade trees to prune. The following should be studied with care:

"In pruning shade trees the same fundamental rules should be followed as in pruning fruit trees in regard to the effect of pruning on growth. This is 'prune while dormant to stimulate or increase growth, and prune while in leaf to check growth.' Many persons have shade trees that have reached as great height as they desire, and they wish to keep them pruned down. For this purpose it is a good plan to prune when in leaf, as it checks the growth. There is no particular month of the year when this should be done.

"There appears to be a popular idea that wounds from pruning will heal better if made at one time of the year rather than at another, but the fact is that it depends more upon the health and vigor of the tree. The wounds of a healthy tree will heal much sooner than those of a sickly or poor tree. A tree can be stimulated by the use of a nitrogen fertilizer, especially a few ounces of nitrate of soda scattered around the tree. The main difference between pruning a shade tree and a fruit tree is that in pruning the former the purpose is to make a dense head and good dense shade, while in pruning a fruit tree the purpose is to keep the top open for admitting air and light, and to avoid causing too much shade in the centre of the tree. These methods are directly opposite.

"In pruning fruit trees you do not do much tipping of branches, but cut back well to the trunk or to another branch in removing any branch that is where it is not wanted; in pruning shade trees the branches are tipped or cut back to stubs and the tree is rounded in shape to suit the pruner. From each of the stubs a number of branches will soon grow, making the top far denser than it was before. It is a good plan to paint the stub of any branch that has been cut off more than an inch in diameter, using either melted coal tar, or pure white lead and raw linseed oil colored gray by means of the addition of lamb black, to make it harmonize with the bark."

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store.

Eggs, per dozen	.15
Butter, per pound	.15

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.87
Wheat, red	.92
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.70
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.70
Oats, (per bu.)	.45
Rye, (per bu.)	.7
Barley, (per bu.)	.65
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.60

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A huckster wagon, almost new. A bargain for the early purchaser.

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the second gayest month of all the year. Our stock of Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Sterling and Plated ware has never been as complete. Ask to see the

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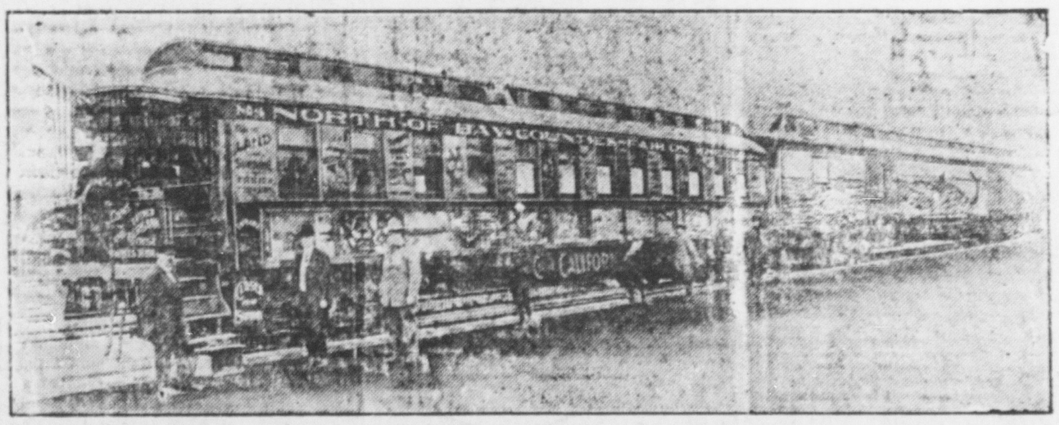

OFFICIAL EXHIBIT FROM FAR-AWAY CALIFORNIA

To the Public:

We, the undersigned, have loaded up the two cars shown above with the Choicest Specimens from our Orchards, Vineyards and Ranches, and sent them EAST for your INSPECTION, with literature descriptive of our section that WE KNOW is the BEST for Climate, Scenery and Productiveness in the Golden State; and added the Famous Hettrich Collection of Curiosities, over a Thousand in number, from all over the world, with the MONSTER SHARK CAUGHT IN MONTEREY BAY, CALIFORNIA, 36 Feet Long, Weighing 10,383 Pounds, and 460 Years Old, as an ATTRACTION, giving you a REGULAR "WORLD'S FAIR" ON WHEELS. We bring it to your city, giving you the Greatest Exhibition for little money you ever saw.

If INTERESTED after INSPECTING our EXHIBIT and want more INFORMATION, WRITE TO US. Respectfully,

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MR. E. H. BROWN ..... Secretary Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce.
MR. FRED HOLMAN ..... Secretary Willits Chamber of Commerce.
MR. L. J. BULEN ..... Secretary Calistoga Chamber of Commerce.
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To Bellefonte

Thursday Friday & Saturday
JUNE 18 19 and 20
At Penna R. R. Station

Correspondence.

Pine Grove Mills.

John Houck and wife spent Sunday at the J. F. Hoy home.

Dr. Frank Bailey came up from Milton and greeted old chums over Sunday.

The electric light poles are set from State College via the Branch to our town.

Mrs. Oscar Rishel is visiting her sister, who is ill at her home in Dupont, Florida.

Squire Isaac Woomer made a business trip through Clearfield and Jefferson counties last week, looking up his large trade.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dreese motored up from Snyder County and spent Sunday very pleasantly at the H. H. Goss home on the Branch.

William Grove and family came up from Milton and are visiting Centre County friends, expecting to reside at State College.

Last Sunday evening the Lutheran church was filled to its capacity to hear Rev. L. S. Spangler preach a special sermon to the three-linked fraternity. The young minister was highly complimented on his talk, which was straight from the shoulder.

Mrs. Ella Smiley, of Altoona, spent last week among friends in and nearby town.

W. H. Irvin, who has been housed up with rheumatism the past two years, went to Altoona with hopes of improvement.

Dr. H. C. Campbell, of the U. of P., of Philadelphia, spent last week with friends in the valley.

Mrs. Sylvis, of Stormstown, was a Sunday visitor at the J. B. Whitmer home at White Hall.

Major J. W. Sunday has embarked in the chicken business with a new 16 x 34 pen, and has 500 peeps which he says will be ready about election time.

J. B. Heberling is among the sick, and last Saturday four doctors were in consultatian regarding his case. He seems to be suffering from some bowel trouble.

Dr. J. B. Krebs, of Northumberland, visited old chums here over Sunday, this being the home of his youth.

N. E. Hess and wife motored to Bellefonte on Sunday and visited the hospital to see George Swabb, who is not much improved.

Just before Memorial Day several splendid monuments were erected to mark the last resting place of gallant old soldiers. Frank and Will Mays put up a fine monument at Pine Hall cemetery at the grave of Henry Fry, and another handsome one in Pine Grove Mills cemetery for Captain J. M. Kepler. The two monuments testify to the high class of work done by the Mayes brothers.

Catherine Barlett Dead.

On Saturday afternoon last Catharine Barlett, the 14-year-old daughter of Sidney and Rebecca Barlett, died at the family home at Tyrone. Death was caused by a complication of diseases. The family has resided in Tyrone but a short time, having removed from Bellefonte where the deceased was reared and where she has many friends who will mourn her early demise. She is survived by her parents and two sisters, Lillian and Adelaide. The body was brought to Bellefonte on Monday and interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Scotia.

Names of scholars on the Honor Roll for the month of May at the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school follows:—

Class No. 1—Teacher, W. H. Ghaner; Calvin Murtoff, Harry Williams.

Class No. 2—Teacher, Mrs. Murtorff; Mrs. J. L. Williams.

Class No. 3 Teacher, J. L. Williams; Myra Hicks, Edna Williams.

Class No. 4—Teacher, C. C. Hassinger; John Stine, Clair Hilliard, Ray Williams, Frank Fields.

Class No. 5—Teacher, B. H. Parsons; Orpha Lykens, Edith Hicks.

Class No. 6—Teacher, Stella Lykens; Jonathan Parsons, Clair Lykens, Edgar Grove, Gray Bloom.

Class No. 7—Teacher, Rebecca Hassinger; Norma Williams, Violet Williams, Edwin Williams, Sarah Parsons, George Lykens.

There will be children's services at the Methodist Episcopal church Saturday evening, June 13th.

Not so long ago everybody was complaining about the cold weather. Now the kick is that it is too hot. Can't please all the people all the time, although occasionally you can fool them.

William Burnside and J. Norman Sherer were going over some of the lines of the company properties here last week.

Woodward.

Memorial Services will be held Sunday afternoon. Rev. Geesey from Aaronsburg will make an address.

A. B. Meyer and wife, from Coburn, visited the lady's parents Sunday afternoon.

The Sunday School of the Evangelical Association church will have Children's Day Services, June 21st.

Howard Miller, wife and grand child, Glenn Walker, and Miss Estella Stemm, from Rebersburg, spent the Sabbath with the former's sister, Mrs. R. M. Shope.

Paul Kerstetter and family spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of L. L. Weaver.

Mrs. Musser, from Ambler, spent a day last week with her friend, Mrs. Harry Wolfe.

Robert Barner went to Milton last week where he is employed by Mr. Byers.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Joseph D. Buck et al to Daniel Buck, tract in Unionville & Union Twp. $1500.

O. H. Bathgate to F. P. Weaver, trac in State College. $950.

Elmer E. Custard et ux to I. O. Campbell, tract in College Twp $1300.

Harry N. Daton et ux to C. E. Myers, tract in College Twp. $575.

J. A. Fries to R. S. Friday, tract in State College. $800.

J. M. Keichline Trustee to William J. Musser, tract in Bellefonte. $300.

Orin Bogner et ux to Gustave Keller, tract in Philipsburg. $1200.

Emanuel Harter et ux to Alice Bechtel et al, tract in Miles Twp.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice for the week ending June 6 h, 1914:

Linn Andrews, Dr. Bernharts, Dr. Ed. W. Bingaman, The Buckeye Calander, Hoffman Garage, Mrs. Carrie Haupt, Jared Jackson, Robert G. Milroy, T. C. Mills, Miss Rowe Sayres, J. N. Seiler.

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Truly yours,

John G. Dubbs,

Bellefonte, - - - - Penna.

BAPTIZED BY POWER

Or Saved by a Woman's Courage

By VINGIE E. ROE

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Ellen Hargrave stood at the little window of her unpainted pine shack and twisted together slim fingers that bespoke her former station in life.

The coarse blue flannel shirt and short skirt told plainly enough that her lot these days was "roughing it."

Outside the sight which greeted her half tragic eyes was drear to the point of desolation.

As she looked the door of the power house opened and a tall man came out, swinging up the path to the cabin with the rhythm of youth and health.

"Hello, Miss Prettyface," he laughed. "How's dinner?"

She did not answer and turned to the well laid table, pouring the tea with shaking fingers.

Presently the man noticed the look of her eyes, and his face sobered.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Blue again?"

For answer she turned suddenly away, pressed hard by a flood of tears that clamored for escape.

When she could command herself she turned to him, though her lips quivered.

"Jim," she said, simply, "if you don't give up this work and go back to the world I shall go mad. I could tear these hills to pieces! And I hate that monster down there." She glanced at the power house. "It menaces me. And I hate the river."

The man's face saddened, and a line of perplexity came between his brows.

"Ellen," he said, "I'm sorry—sorry that you feel like this—and if you cannot change I will give it up, though I wish you could learn to see it all as I see it. Why, I love it all—the hills, the river with its uncounted strength, the power house there with its magnificent tasks of labor, its glorious serving of man, the very towns and cities that you love so much. I am happy here, dear. If only you could be! It's great work.

"Think it over, honey," he whispered as he kissed her to return to his shift. "Don't you want to come down and stay with me awhile this afternoon? Charlie is going over to the settlement. How that chap manages for sleep I don't know."

It was 3 o'clock of a rainy afternoon before she could bring herself to bathe her swollen face, wrap up in a waterproof and go down the crooked path to the power house, crouching low and ugly beside the river.

As she crossed the railed approach above the flood gates the deep throated hum of the dynamos struck her ear, and she shuddered involuntarily.

The constant menace of that stored death was always before her—the awful power whose lightest touch meant eternity appalled her.

She was thinking in this shrinking strain as she opened the door.

As they always did, her eyes swept swiftly over every bit of the wide open space in the center of the building for Jim.

Now, as she looked in growing fear, the door of the telephone booth, a little room set up on a waist high platform to the right, flew open and Jim tumbled out literally, his face gone white and horror in his eyes.

"Jim!" screamed Ellen shrilly.

At the sudden cry the man essayed to turn sharply as he reached for the flight of shallow steps leading to the floor, missed his footing and went down straight from the platform on his right knee, the foreleg bent back, with the toe caught on the platform's edge.

There was a report as of a cracked plank above the hum, and she reached him to see the foot fall useless.

"Broken, by George!" gritted the man. "And there's been a bad disaster at the Black Drift mine—cave-in—thirty men entombed—and—they want—power—power.

"Ellen—they must have all the power we've got—extra drills—air compressed—more hoists! Oh, my God! And I can't get there!"

His wife covered her eyes with her hands, and horror shut off her breath.

When she looked again Jim lay in a limp heap—fainted—out of the running—done for!

And thirty men in the Black Drift mine waiting for air!

She drew herself up slowly, her body weak and a mist in her eyes.

As she stood so the bell in the booth rang madly, and she dragged herself up the steps, numb and slow.

"Hargrave?" cried a man's hoarse voice. "For God's sake turn the power on! Hurry! We've got on all the drills, but they're working slow.

"For the love of God, man, give us all the power you've got! Cut off everything in Bartell City and along the lines and let us have it all!"

He shut off abruptly, dropping the receiver, and Ellen Hargrave came out of the booth wringing her hands.

What should she do? What could she do?

Then suddenly she straightened, took her hands from her face and crept down the steps.

Air! Her own throat was choking. But she must do what Jim would have done—she must handle the monster.

At the east loomed up the red streaked marble face of the great switchboard, glittering with brass and copper switches, big and little.

To her right Nos. 1 and 2 sang their constant high pitched song of power; over beyond the booth 3 and 4 stood in sinister silence.

Along the western wall ran a narrow space leading out to the little room above the traveling ropes and the turbines.

Here the governor stood.

Here was the power the Black Drift needed to force the life giving drills—and she alone to handle it, shaking in deadly fear!

She shut her hands hard and gathered her forces, cleared her mind desperately.

What was it Jim did first when he cut in the other machines?

She had followed him so often in the monotony of the dull hours that she knew every motion.

But where did he begin? And the synchronizing!

She nearly fainted at the appalling thought of the delicate operation at the switchboard after the dynamos were started.

Could she throw the big copper switch just at the proper fraction of a second?

Or would her eye and hand fail and knock out the circuit breaker, thereby wrecking all hope?

She cowered against the cement wall, staring out at the empty room.

Then, fearfully, she gathered up her trembling limbs and walked out to the shining governor.

Instinctively, not trusting her brain, she opened the valve on the governor.

Instantly she caught the low roar of the opened turbine gates, saw the governor begin to whirl, heard the thunder of the great turbine in the depths below, and her heart leaped in her throat.

Steady now!

What did Jim do next, where had she followed him from here?

Again following instinct, she went back through the passage.

She stopped at the small hooded generator beside No. 3.

It was beginning its own little tune.

From there she went as one in a dream, softly, following Jim on other journeys and threw the exciter switch.

By now Nos. 3 and 4 were whirling under their hoods, giving out a strange, menacing note that rose steadily, an exciting, terrible note.

She stood wide eyed and watched the power her hand had loosed roar up to its zenith. The trembling was gone out of her limbs.

In its stead she felt something strong rising within her, an excitement borrowed from the dynamos, a crazy joy—a triumph!

She ran, wavering a bit under the strain, to the switchboard and switched on the synchronizing lights, two small bulbs in the front of the marble face.

One lighted and went out, lighted and went out, in perfect regulated time, like the play of a pendulum.

That stood for 1 and 2, harnessed and obedient, already working like willing giants.

The other was slower, its beat crossing and falling behind and overstepping the step of the other. That was 3 and 4 coming up to the pace.

Steadily the second light gained on the first.

Now it was only a hair's breadth behind; now it was so near as to be scarce perceptibly slower; now it lighted and went out in unison with the other.

Tense, steady, she watched a second longer, gauging the lights. Now they were at the zenith. Now they went down and out. Now—now—just before they reached the zenith again—

Click!

Strongly she pushed the big switch down—and let out her bursting breath.

Right! Nothing had happened!

The four black monsters were working together mightily, filling the power house with their awful humming.

Staggering and laughing, she went and switched off all the current from Bartell City and the valley towns.

She got the Black Drift on the telephone. Some boy answered.

"How's the power?" she asked weakly.

"Fine!" came back the word. "Drills workin' like the devil! Compresses ready. All hopin'."

When she at last reached Jim he opened his arms, and she sank into them.

"Oh, Miss Prettyface!" cried the man tensely. "Miss Bravehearl! My own girl! What a woman you are!"

An hour later she got the Black Drift again, this time the hoarse voice of the superintendent who had begged for power.

"What luck?" she asked bravely.

"Best luck, thank God!" he answered heartily. "We've hit the level and are pumping them air while the relief squads work. All alive. Give Hargrave my thanks for his prompt work."

"Good!" said Ellen. "And now, Mr. Masters, when you can spare them will you send me help and a doctor? My husband is lying here on the floor with a broken leg. You will? Thanks! Right soon, please. Oh, just a bit ago. Goodby!"

When the men from the Black Drift, full of the day's happening, carried Jim Hargrave up the crooked path to the shack beneath the pine the woman turned from the stretcher's head and looked back at the river, the hills and the ugly power house beside its dam.

It was a whole new country to her misty eyes, and all its bitterness was swept away as by a mighty wind.

The world had changed since noon!

"Jim," she said in the quiet night, "let's build another room on the cabin. I think I want to stay."

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Penny-A-Word Column

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Bellefonte - - Pa.

Greeting a Gun Handler

With a Surprise All Around

By VINGIE E. ROE

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That the old west was not entirely gone was apparent on every side as the shoddy old coach lumbered along.

But that it was making its last pathetic stand was equally plain in the dotting homesteads, in the telephone line that had timidly followed the bold old road of the stage line for many miles.

A woman and three men rocked and bumped on the shabby seats inside, and the driver, a weathered old timer, who handled his four lines with the deftness of lifelong habit, swayed on the boot, straight as an Indian, in his blue flannel shirt.

The woman was slim and handsome, about thirty years of age, clad in the last word of urban taste—the east by every sign and token.

And yet she bore one earmark of the west—she "traveled light."

Only one small alligator bag was to her credit amid the luggage.

Of the other passengers one was patently a traveling man, a dapper young man of the new west; one was a rancher, middle aged and calm, and one was that motley offspring of the old and the new, an irresponsible hybrid, taking the worst strains of both parents. He was neither a cowboy, a miner nor a rancher; neither a farmer, a promoter nor a business man, and yet he partook a little of all.

He was loud voiced, with the overdrawn vocabulary of story book wild westerners. His clothes were as motley as himself—a sombrero, a light flannel shirt exaggeratedly open necked, broadcloth trousers, patent leather shoes and a cartridge belt from whose two holsters glowered the black butts of a couple of guns.

He monopolized the conversation and cast bold glances at the young woman.

"Yes," he said loudly, "the west hain't what it usta be. It's be'n overrun with these here d— Easterns."

"I've met a few of 'em," said the rancher quietly, "an' I've noticed that most of 'em make it a p'int not to cuss before ladies—specially when that same is shet up in a stage with the cusser an' can't help theirselves."

The woman shot the interrupter a grateful glance which struggled with a smile for mastery.

"Hey," said the bully, "meanin' me?"

The rancher looked calmly out at the dropping hills, clad in their noble vestments of constantly heightening pines.

"Shoe pinch?" he asked of the scenery.

The other studied him a moment in suspicious perplexity.

"Old man," he said largely, "a few years back you'd 'a' got plugged fer that."

"Maybe. But the west has changed—also its men."

The woman could not repress the smile that twitched her handsome mouth, and she gazed out of the window at the beautiful road winding and climbing among the ledges.

The dapper traveling man fidgeted uneasily, edging away from the blatant black guns.

The owner saw the signs of the tenderfoot and mistook the woman's absorbed study of the landscape for the fear of himself he loved to instill.

Therefore he talked with heightened vigor.

"Yes, sir, the west hain't what it was. Why, they's been a horse thief rustlin' up on Sleepy Fork fer months, an' they hain't men enough in the country to ketch him—an' string him up."

He glanced at the woman, expecting a shiver of horror. He thought he saw it and pressed his line of talk.

"Five, yes, three years back he'd 'a' be'n in h—in heaven by now. An' fifteen—why, ef he'd 'a' be'n tryin' his doin's in Big Bill Daily's time he'd 'a' furnished sport fer the countryside. Now, there was a man! I know the time he rode into Circle and shot three of the Burgess gang all by his lonesome. He was a gun man right!"

The trim shoulders in the blue traveling suit shivered perceptibly, and the lips of the woman drooped from amused smile.

The bully went on delightedly:

"Ain't many of us left of the old pioneers. I know when Big Bill had a Johnny Eastern's new somethin' into a lacework fringe on his chaps. Gee! Them was days! Hain't many of us left!"

The traveling man was gnawing his mustache, and the fingers of his white hands were gripped tight.

The rancher's kindly eyes took in the woman's face.

"I said, "they hain't any left."

"I don't know," said the other with studied offhandedness, hitching his chaps a bit to the fore. "No, I reckon I'm goin' up on Sleepy Fork fer a few."

"One of the old days shot," he continued with contemptuous sarcasm; "they say it's the mark of the new breed of gunmakers like"—

The sentence was never finished. A startled "Whoa!" from the driver, a gathering of taut lines, a creaking grind of the brake, and the lumbering old stage lurched to a stand in the presence of grim tragedy.

At the side of the road where it turned around a shoulder and spread out in a wide ledge a dozen men went about a work so wild, so amazing in its steadiness as to bring forward with a jerk that old west of which the little company in the stage were speaking.

With their backs to a ragged pine, their arms pinioned at their sides and their silver stars gleaming ridiculously on their khaki shirts, two officers of the law watched in white wrath the deliberations of the rest.

These others, nine men in corduroys, wide hats and flannel shirts, were masked. One man alone was bareheaded, barefaced, and he stood among them with his hands tied and a rope about his neck. Its huge knot stood out prominently under his left ear. He was a bad type, a heavy featured, bold eyed man, whose record of evil was stamped upon his face.

One of the others was casting the loose end for a high limb as the newcomers stopped abreast.

With a disdainful disregard for interference this bunch of avengers worked in silence, not even protesting against the stopping of the stage.

Not so the two officers against the tree.

"For heaven's sake," cried one hoarsely, "get out of there, you men, and stop this outrage! This man is our prisoner—suspected horse thief from Sleepy Fork—and we were taking him to Circle to the federal jail when these men took him from us by force! Get out and do something!"

All left the stage except the traveling man, who crouched back in one corner, and later when the party returned he was found in a faint. As the bully got out he tried to edge around so as to get behind some of the others as much as possible.

The big black guns in the holsters of the bully attracted the eyes of the sheriff.

"I deputize you!" he yelled. "Cut these ropes and give me a gun! Stop them!"

"Why—why"— said the bully, "why this hain't"—

At this moment the rope sailed over the high limb, fell, swung, was caught by a dozen eager hands and snatched taut in an instant.

The eight masked men stepped back all together, took good grip, their hands reaching high along the rope, and, lifting one foot each for purchase and start, heaved hard away.

The rancher was old in the ways of the wilderness, and he stood silent, being unarmed, only his dilating, kindly eyes showing his horror. The bully was agape with his hands up, transfixed in the presence of death.

Only the slim, handsome woman behind them was keenly alive, it seemed. As that tragic line swayed tautly backward and down her two white hands, from which she had stripped the gloves, reached forward. The sensitive fingers closed caressingly around the gun butts at the bully's hips, there was a flash of gun metal, a spring of the slim blue clad figure to one side, and the next instant the hills awoke to thunder as the horse thief rose, struggling, in the air.

The first shot, a perceptible second apart, was for the spokesman who covered the two men and the driver on the box, and it sent his gun hurtling against the rocks of the roadside.

Then, in such swift succession as to seem a roaring volley, the black guns spoke together, and one by one, like leaves falling in a wind, every second hand dropped, red and shattered, from the rope above their heads.

The miserable thing at the rope's end fell to the earth in a heap.

Yells, screams, curses rose in fantastic clamor as five men flung useless arms in panic. The others, their grip so low as to be shielded by their comrades' bodies, sprang away.

"Don't move," said a clear voice cuttingly. "I have a few shots left."

She nodded to the rancher.

"Loosen that rope on that man's neck. Thanks. Now the officers."

"Now," said the woman at last, "you may go—all of you. And don't look back."

Without protest the masked line strung out, a grotesque procession, and disappeared down the white road, its progress marked by trailing sprinkles in the dust.

Then speech broke out among those left, and the officers and the old driver were for almost groveling before her.

"What nerve! Where do you come from?"

But the woman only smiled and would answer nothing.

She handed the black guns to the gun man with a smile.

"The west hain't what it was," she said. "It's be'n sp'iled by these Johnny Easterns!"

But the bully had no word. He simply climbed up on the boot beside the driver.

At sundown the stage lumbered into the forgotten town among the mountains. The woman looked wistfully around with the light of dim remembered things in her eyes.

As they alighted at the tumbledown shack that had once been Meadow Mine's hotel the rancher took off his hat as he helped her out. "I may be buttin' in on what you don't want to talk about," he said, "but I've seen Big Bill Daily shoot the buttons off a bad man's vest, an' he had a draw like no one's in the world—a sort of flip an' flourish. You throwed his draw."

His bright, kindly eyes held an unspoken question.

The woman smiled.

"Why shouldn't I?" she said calmly. "I'm his daughter. He taught me how to shoot before he died ten years ago."

What Fate Did

A Story of the Ideal and the Practical

By EDITH V. ROSS

Barton Kenwood was a great disappointment to his father. He was an only son. His father had built up a good business and was extremely desirous of training the boy to take his place as its manager. But Barton's tastes were not for business. In the first place, he was too tender hearted for the management of a concern wherein many disagreeable things must be done for which the manager must take the responsibility. A customer whose credit is tottering is near failure; he must be jumped on and his ruin completed. Dull times come on, and persons dependent upon the concern for a living must be laid off. It is the manager's business to speak the word that deprives them of their daily necessaries and comforts.

Barton as a boy heard of some of these hardships—hardships for his father as well as the others concerned—and conceived a great dislike for what he understood business to be. But this did not satisfy his father, who considered it the part of a man to do necessarily disagreeable things when they came in the line of duty. When his son came to be eighteen years of age the father proposed to put him in his factory at the bottom of the ladder and elevate him as rapidly as he showed himself capable of being advanced. Barton demurred, declaring that he wished to go to college.

Here was a breach between father and son that was never healed. Barton went to college, and his father put in the place he had intended for him a nephew, Evan Swift, who gave evidence of possessing those qualifications which Barton lacked. Evan was a business man from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He could say "No" when "No" was necessary. He could detect expenses that were unnecessary and cut them off, no matter who was hurt by doing so. He could figure profit and loss, and, no matter how hard the times, there was always some profit. By those who understood the requirements of the concern he was respected; by those whose minds were intent simply on their own interest he was hated.

Barton at college developed tastes that his father considered a waste of time to pursue. The bones of dinosaurs, the skulls of cave men, of cliff dwellers, of extinct lake men who several thousand years ago lived in houses built over the surface of tranquil waters, absorbed his attention. He also had a fancy for digging in the dirt to exhume ancient buried cities. He was as much delighted at discovering an earthen pitcher made 3,000 years ago as his father was at hitting upon a new article of commerce that could be manufactured at a profit.

When Barton was graduated from college he desired to go with an expedition to Asia to look for the lost site of a city that flourished a thousand years before the Christian era. His father, who considered the object useless if attained, refused to furnish him the necessary funds. But so important was Barton to the party that his alma mater supplied them. It was through Barton Kenwood's researches that the site was found.

There was a girl who had been a schoolmate of Barton of whom he had from the first made a confidant. Her name was Grace Bingham. Even as a child she showed evidence of both intelligence and practical common sense in that respect resembling the elder and the younger Kenwood. At first she advised Barton to accede to his father's wishes, but before the break between them came about she realized that the two looked upon values from opposite standpoints and that Barton never could be made a business man. She therefore reluctantly advised him to follow that for which he was best fitted.

After Barton went away Evan Swift, who had entered his uncle's employ with a view to reaping the emoluments that his cousin had turned aside, began to pay attention to Grace Bingham. Grace from a little girl was predisposed to Barton, but after he went to the university she saw little of him. Whether during that period of rapid change between fourteen and twenty he passed out of her mind or lay there dormant is not to the point. What is pertinent is that at twenty years of age she found it time and a necessity that she should take a husband.

Swift was in all respects a desirable person. He had already been made second to his uncle in the management of the Kenwood Manufacturing company, and it was expected that he would soon assume full control. Mr. Kenwood's fortune was all in the business, was necessary to the business, and it was surmised that he would leave it to the man to whom he proposed to take his place instead of his son, who was considered to have sold his birthright for old bones.

Be these things as they may, Grace Bingham did not throw so favorable an opportunity for settling herself for life over her shoulder. But Swift was some time gaining her consent, and there were those who said that the reason was that the man she desired, for himself alone, was Barton Kenwood. But, given a practical girl, a fine business man with a prospective fortune and a penniless deiver for stone jugs, the result must necessarily be a union between the practical girl and the prosperous man.

Evan Swift was as much absorbed in the Kenwood Manufacturing company as his cousin was in old pots and kettles. Unfortunately, Evan was not very strong physically, and about the time he became engaged to be married his uncle's health showed signs of giving way, and he relinquished all control of the business to his successor. This threw a load of detail on Swift, and before he could reorganize the various departments of the business he broke down completely.

He was admonished by his physician to get as far away from the Kenwood Manufacturing company as possible and remain away till he had recovered his health. He refused to take this advice on the ground that there was no one to take his place in the business, but Grace Bingham told him that he was making a mistake common among managing persons and there were doubtless men under him who, if given an opportunity, would soon step into his shoes.

This is not universally true, but it proved true in this case. One of the heads of departments was advanced to the management, and Evan Swift said goodby to the business and his ladylove and started for the other side of the globe. I put the business before the ladylove in this case, for it is quite possible that if Mr. Swift were called upon to give up one or the other he would retain the business. As a practical man he would know that he would not be likely to get another business, but girls are plenty.

The situation in this quadrangular affair at this time was an old man at home sinking into his grave, a young man whose practical nature had led him to break down his health by overwork, seeking to restore it in sunny Italy; another young man whose impractical nature was keeping him in the open air digging for old bones, thereby rendering him perfect in health, and a girl—a cross between the ideal and the practical—who was waiting for fate to produce what was in store for her.

The first step fate took in the matter was to kill off the old man. Mr. Kenwood's death resulted in the discovery that he had left all his property to Evan Swift. A cablegram informed the latter of his uncle's bequest, but fate, which delights in complications, entanglements and the thwarting of intentions, had sent the newly made possessor of a fortune off to Egypt, and, being some distance up the river Nile, he did not receive the announcement till a week after it was sent. It reached him on his return to Cairo, when his efforts to keep himself alive were proving useless. He died at Cairo only a few days after his return there.

An announcement of his father's death was also sent to Barton Kenwood, who was in Trieste, having just returned with a dozen boxes of bones and other worthless articles gathered from a big hole in the ground in Asia Minor. The cablegram said nothing about his father's will, but as he was about to take his collection of exhumed articles to a museum in America he proceeded immediately homeward. He arrived at his destination at the same time that intelligence arrived of the death of his cousin in Egypt.

Barton found himself in a peculiar position. He learned at once that his father had left all his property to Evan Swift; but, Evan Swift having died without issue, Barton as heir at law would possess the property. He also knew that Grace Bingham was engaged to Swift, and had she been married to him she would have inherited the Kenwood fortune. In other words, the quick succession of events after his uncle's death had transferred the property from Grace to Barton.

Kenwood, who had given up the profits accruing to a large business and had expected that his father would ignore him in his will, found no difficulty in making up his mind to relinquish his fortune to the girl whom fate had deprived of it. He called on his old chum, and he thought she received him with a repressed fervor. It occurred to him that perhaps since he had the fortune she had expected her betrothed would have she might bring herself to take him instead of the man she had lost.

"Grace," he said, "my father did not intend to leave me his property. It was Evan's by right, and had Evan lived a little longer it would have been yours. I shall assign it to you."

Grace took a good deal of time in which to frame her reply. Indeed, it seemed hard to make it. Finally she astonished Kenwood by speaking as follows:

"Barton, if I am not disagreeable to you, you may keep your fortune and do what you think right by me at the same time."

"What do you mean?" asked Barton, opening his eyes.

"A marriage between us would right all."

Barton's eyes were fixed on her intently for some moments. Then he took her in his arms.

"It's all right," he said, "but how could you do it?"

For reply she went to a desk, took up a document lying on it and handed it to him, saying:

"I received this last evening."

He unfolded and read it. It was a will executed at Cairo three days before Evan Swift's death, leaving her his sole heir.

Had Grace proceeded in the manner usual in such cases the affair might have had a different result. She realized that if it were known to Barton she and not he possessed the fortune he would not have proposed to her.

TALKING FROM THE CHEST.

Not Necessary to Put a Telephone Transmitter to the Mouth.

In case one does not care to stoop to a telephone while talking, or does not care to put the transmitter to the mouth, he can make himself heard by very simple means. Simply place the abdomen or the chest against the mouthpiece of the transmitter and talk into the open air, and the sound will get to the party on the other end. The whole chest wall and the wall of the abdomen vibrate in unison when the mouth is speaking, as they are a great sounding board, and they will transmit the proper sound waves to the diaphragm. This is easy to try and astonishing in result.

Another peculiar thing noticed in telephones at times is phantom talk heard in a receiver when one is waiting for central to give connection. Odd scraps of conversations may be heard in this manner. They are probably due to conversations going on over wires lying in close proximity to the one that you are using—such conversations causing small oscillating currents which, by the process of induction, cause small oscillating currents to take place in your line of like character.—New York World.

Living on a Salary.

Living on a salary is a more or less precarious form of existence, but it is not always wise for every man to go into business for himself. Some men are not fitted for that responsibility, and there are a great many failures of men who strike out for themselves without sufficient backing of capital or experience. However, if you never save any money out of your salary you will never get ahead financially. You always will be the tail of another man's kite, always stoking to keep up steam in the boilers of somebody else's business.—Rochester Sentinel.

Two Old Customs.

One of the oldest customs in the world, according to an archaeologist, is giving precious metals or other commodities of agreed value in exchange for the necessaries of life. Of course, an equally aged custom is promising to hand over the precious metal or other commodity next week.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Zoological Question.

The director of the zoological gardens was on his vacation. He received a note from his chief assistant, which closed thus: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"—St. Louis Republic.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Baseball as Now Played Is Essentially American In Origin.

Some authorities trace baseball to an old English ball game called "rounders," which dated from the eighteenth century. "Rounders" was played in an open field marked out by a five sided figure, the points being called bases, first to fourth and home bases. The "feeder" (modern pitcher) stood in the middle of the pentagon; the batsman ran the bases and scored a run if he made the circuit without being put out, but he was retired if a hit ball was caught on the fly or on the first bounce or when he was struck out by having the ball thrown at him while running the bases.

"Rounders" was played in this country before the Revolutionary war and baseball possibly was an outgrowth of it, but if so it was a long time coming. The game as now played is essentially of American origin, through the different stages of two old cat, three old cat, four old cat, town ball and bull pen.

The Washington Baseball club, the first known, was formed in New York in 1843, and the first regular code of rules was drawn up in 1845 by the Knickerbocker Baseball club of New York. The first national association was organized in 1853, and the first convention of baseball financiers and managers was held in Philadelphia in 1867, about 500 organizations being represented.—Philadelphia Press.

An Indulgent Father.

The Duke de Richelieu one day visited his son, who was a student in the University of Paris. "Do you need any money?" he asked in the course of the conversation.

"No," said his son. "I still have 20 louis from last month's allowance."

On hearing this the duke took the boy's purse and, handing it to his servant, said: "There, John, are 20 louis. My son, the Count de Fronsac, presents them to you. Go and drink his health."

But to his son he said: "Young man, remember that you are the son of the Duke de Richelieu. Be more generous with your money."

How many youths in college today would like to have so thoughtful a father!

Olive Oil.

Adulterated olive oil is hard to detect, even by the expert tasters. They allege, however, that they can tell the spurious article by flavor and effect on the throat.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—Porteus.

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Romano Orchestra
Tuskegee Institute Singers
The Toy Symphony
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Mrs. O. D. Oliphant
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"The Panama Canal and the Panama-Pacific Exposition"

Illustrated Lecture
"Bright Eyes and Wild Hearts of our Northern Woods"
by Chauncey J. Hawkins

The Avon Players in
"Rada" by Alfred Moyes
and
"Cinderella" by Anna Oppenlander.

Motion Pictures

A Strange Deadlock

And How It Was Broken

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

My childhood till I was six years old is very hazy. I cannot go back of that period except for a dim remembrance of my mother. I must have been without any child to play with, for I remember my aunt, by whom I was brought up, coming into my lonely playroom one day leading a little girl and saying:

"Here's a little sister for you."

My childhood from Ethel's coming was very different from what it was before. Why we did not meet other children I do not know, but I think it was because my aunt lived in the country, with no one of her own class living near her. But neither Ethel nor I seemed to need other associates, studying together under a tutor and playing together in perfect contentment. From this continued association with a girl I did not become effeminate, but Ethel formed a taste for boyish sports. Indeed, as a girl she was quite a tomboy, rivaling me in tree climbing, horseback riding and other exercises pertaining rather to boys than to girls. One of our favorite sports was to toss a baseball to each other, Ethel being as good a catcher as I. But she never learned to throw a ball like a boy. I presume that this peculiarity in a woman is owing to the difference in the masculine and feminine figures.

There was no well defined reason why Ethel and I were permitted to grow up with the understanding that we were brother and sister. My aunt was responsible for it, and she never made her reasons clear to either of us.

The supposed relationship certainly gave us a freedom when we were emerging from childhood into youth that we would not otherwise have experienced. Up to the time when I was sixteen and Ethel fourteen there was not the faintest suspicion that we were not brother and sister. Then I was required to go to a lawyer's office about some property of which I was possessed, and a paper was presented

"I HAVE KNOWN THAT FOR A LONG WHILE."

to me in which I saw it stated that I had no brothers or sisters living. The secret was out, but I was so pained that I pretended not to notice it and asked no questions about it.

When I met Ethel again I said nothing to her about my discovery, but felt that a great change had come over me.

When I came back from the city, where I had gone to the lawyer's office, Ethel threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. I had lost the brotherly feeling I had had for her, but it had not been replaced by any feeling differing from what I might have had for any other girl. I was filled with a deep regret. Ethel noticed it and asked me what was the matter, but I gave her no satisfaction. I did not care to distress her as I was distressed. I preferred that she should discover the truth herself.

From this time till I went to college Ethel was still my sister, but I was not her brother—at least, that describes our feelings toward each other. I wrote her regularly, addressing her as "Dear Sis," as I had always been used to doing, while she, replying, would begin with "Dear Brother" or "Dear Dick," sometimes one and sometimes the other.

During the four years I was in college I often wondered if Ethel had acquired the secret that I possessed. It seemed to me that she surely must know it, but I could not detect the slightest change in her treatment of me to indicate that she did. By the time I came home for my vacation between my sophomore and junior year she had grown to be a lovely girl, between seventeen and eighteen years of age.

I had recovered from the shock I had received in learning that I was not her brother and was now beginning to be rather pleased that some other fellow need not take her away from me. Indeed, if we chose we could enter upon a far closer relationship than brother and sister.

But I found myself in rather a peculiar position. I knew that there was no obstacle in the way of Ethel's being my wife, but she did not. At least, if she did she gave no evidence of such knowledge.

Meanwhile I was desirous of acting toward Ethel as a lover and not as a brother. But how could I do that while she supposed our relationship to be what we had grown up to consider it? She treated me precisely as she had always treated me. There was the same freedom that had always been between us—anyway, on her part.

Another year passed. I was twenty years old and had one more year in college before me. Ethel was eighteen and had returned from a seminary with her education completed. I was no longer able to treat her as a sister, and since I did not dare treat her as a lover I fell, so to speak, between the two. My treatment of her, being neither the one nor the other, was constrained. She made no complaint, but it seemed to me that the change in me had produced an equivalent in her. We played tennis and took long walks together, getting on well enough at the tennis, but on our walks there was none of that easy chat, mingled with jokes and laughter, of former times. I walked beside her with the secret between us, talking in that philosophic vein one is apt to fancy about the time he leaves his teens, while Ethel seemed at times a trifle bored.

Why did I not break the ice by telling her the secret? There were many reasons from one point of view and none from another. Why are certain events in families never referred to? For the same reason that I shrank from telling Ethel that I was not her brother, and, as to telling her that the spark of love for her had been kindled within me, how could I say such a thing to one who believed herself to be my sister?

This condition continued during my senior year in college. My letters to Ethel were bereft of either brotherly or lover-like expression, and hers to me were also neutral. But when I returned home a graduate a new element had been injected into the problem that was bound very soon to change the situation. I found a young man hanging about Ethel whose intentions were as plain as the sun in heaven.

His presence threw me into a fever at once. I found it difficult to treat him with ordinary civility. If Ethel had been my sister I should doubtless have freely discussed the matter of the attentions of this young man with her. As it was, I did not feel the right even to mention the matter. Besides, I was so inordinately jealous of her suitor that I should have doubtless spoken offensively.

In Ethel there was no change toward me. She was the same as she had been for the past two years. She must have known that there were fires burning within me, but she did not appear to notice them. She said nothing to me about the attentions of Mr. Jackanapes, as I considered him, but a sister is not likely to speak of a suitor to a brother until the brother first speaks to her.

My pentup feelings kept rising until the dam burst. One day, coming unexpectedly upon Mr. Jackanapes pleading his suit with Ethel, I lost my grip on myself and blurted out:

"What do you mean, sir, by wooing my—my sister without first asking permission from me, her natural guardian?"

He looked at me in astonishment, then said: "I beg a thousand pardons. If it is not too late may I now have that permission?"

"I prefer before giving my permission to consult with her."

"That being the case, I will withdraw."

Rising, he left Ethel and me together. I stood with my back half turned to her, scowling. I should have been conscious of having made a guy of myself, but I was not.

"Dick," said Ethel, "what's the matter with you?"

"Don't you think I should be consulted in a love affair of yours?"

"How do you know that this is a love affair of mine?"

"It certainly is one if this fellow who has intruded upon"—

"I can't help what he may feel for me. I have not accepted him and don't intend to."

"Thank God!"

"Why are you so concerned about whom I marry? For some years past you have acted coldly toward me."

"That was because"—

"Because what?"

"I discovered"—

"What did you discover?"

"That you and I are not brother and sister. We are no relation."

"I have known that for a long while."

"You have known it a long while! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

I went to Ethel. Now that the barrier between us was broken down, my former brotherly treatment of her was a help. Sitting beside her, I took her to my arms, and, beginning as a brother, I rapidly developed into a lover.

Ethel and I were the children of two bosom friends. My mother died when I was a baby, and I was turned over to my aunt. Ethel's mother died when Ethel was four years old, and my aunt, being a near friend of her family, was prevailed upon to take the child, being chiefly moved by a desire to furnish me with a playmate. She gave me in addition a companion for life.

I have never been sure but that Ethel encouraged Mr. Jackanapes in order to break the deadlock there was between her and me.

ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

They Are Held on Sunday and Rarely Finished In One Day.

In France elections are held on Sunday. Universal manhood suffrage is the rule. Every Frenchman of twenty-one years of age, on proof of six months' residence, is a legal voter at the elections to the chamber, saving only soldiers on active service and others disqualified for bankruptcy and criminal reasons. Because of the number of candidates the first day's polling in many districts is not final. Where no candidate receives an absolute majority, a second election is held. It often happens that from one-third to one-fourth of the elections for deputies are not finally decided until the second poll, when not infrequently one or more candidates in a district have withdrawn.

The polling begins at 8 in the morning and lasts until 6 in the evening. Instead of regularly appointed clerks and election officials, three volunteers take charge of the "urn" in which the ballots are deposited and conduct the proceedings. One of the penalties of being first to appear is the likelihood of being impressed into service as one of the assessors, of whom two, both independent voters, must serve with the "president of the ballot." The counting of the ballots is also done by volunteers called for from among the electors.

In the absence of the party system it is difficult strictly to classify the candidates. In a general way they range themselves in groups around certain well known political leaders.—New York World.

STRUCK FROM THE ROLLS.

What Happens to an English Lawyer When He Goes Wrong.

When a solicitor passes his examinations his name is entered on the "rolls" of the legal profession. Should he ever become guilty of professional misconduct his name is "struck off the rolls."

It is a grave matter. Any person having a complaint against a solicitor in reference to his professional conduct is supposed to forward it to the Incorporated Law society, the body which rules the legal profession. His private life doesn't trouble the society unless he is convicted of a criminal offense.

Having received the complaint and evidence in support of it, the society brings the matter before a divisional court composed of two or three of the most distinguished judges on the bench. The solicitor is given every chance of defending himself, but if, after hearing the evidence, the judges decide that he is guilty his name is "struck from the rolls." Should the offense be a minor one, caused more by misunderstanding than fraud, the solicitor may be suspended for a period and allowed to practice again at the expiration of it.

A solicitor cannot be "struck off the rolls" for negligence or bankruptcy. A client's remedy in the first case is to bring an action against him for damages. Bankruptcy is adjudged to be a misfortune and therefore is not "professional misconduct." — London Tit-Bits.

Where His Love Lay.

He was sitting in front of a brightly burning fire talking to her. After a while he said thoughtfully:

"This reminds me of a grate that I used to sit in front of years ago."

"I can well imagine how you enjoyed those evenings," she responded hopefully, "open fires give one such a sense of home." But he went on talking of drafts and heat and ashes and the bygienic condition of a room ventilated by a fireplace.

"I have never known a grate," he continued, "like the one in the home of the girl where I used to go so often."

A long silence followed, the crackling of the fire the only sound in the room. It was broken at last by him in a voice that had echoes of a dear memory in its tones, "You cannot imagine how I loved that—grate!"—New York Post.

Abelard and Heloise.

Heloise was noted as much for her intellectual ability as for her personal beauty. She was familiar with the literature of four or five languages—Italian, French, Greek, Latin and Hebrew. Her knowledge was remarkable; her conversational powers were brilliant. It was her bright mind and varied learning that first attracted the attention of Abelard. Abelard died in 1142, Heloise in 1164. First buried at St. Marcel, Abelard's remains were shifted several times, but finally reached the well known tomb at Pere la Chaise, wherein also rest the ashes of Heloise.

Getting In Deeper.

"Who is that singing so dreadfully out of tune?"

"It is my wife."

"Perhaps the accompanist plays out of tune."

"She is accompanying herself."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Curiosity.

"Pop, did you say a little bird told you I was naughty?"

"Yes, my son."

"Pop, was it a little bird with a tell-tail?"—Baltimore American.

Consuming.

"She says her love for you is a consuming passion!"

"It is. It takes five pounds of candy a week to keep it alive."—Town Topics.

Cause For Divorce.

Judge—Why do you ask for a divorce? The Mere Man—My wife has an artistic temperament and I have an appetite.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILRO On and after Monday, Jan. —th, trains will run as follows from the P. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.28
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.56
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.50
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.00
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.28
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

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FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

Here and There.

Get on Leathers Brothers free trains for the big lot sale.

Joseph L. Montgomery was a business visitor to Chicago this week.

Miss Blanche Underwood visited over Sunday with friends in Renovo.

Billy McFarland spent Sunday with his mother and sister in Lock Haven.

Mrs. Dyer and Miss Mary Griest, of Unionville, visited over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. David J. Kelly.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ray, of Mill Hall, visited here on Sunday with the former's brother, S. D. Ray.

Mrs. Harry Keller this week chaperoned a house party at the Phi Kappi Sigma fraternity, at Penn State.

George T. Bush spent the fore part of the week at Penn State attending the exercises of his old fraternity.

Miss Ella Hyatt, of Connellsville, has been visiting here for some days with Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Dorworth.

Mrs. George Smith, of Syracuse, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Showers, on Bishop Street.

Miss Margaret Harbison, of Pittsburgh, visited here as the guest of Mrs. William Wallis from last Friday until Tuesday.

Miss Beulah Dundore and Mrs. Charles Yoder, of Womelsdorf, are guests of Misses Helen and Roxanna Mingle.

Misses Gertrude and Florence Yuble, of Lock Haven, were guests at the High School dance and reception last Thursday night.

Mrs. Hugh N. Crider and Miss Helen Ceader departed on last Sunday for a ten days' trip to New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Miss Lillian Harrar returned on Monday to her home in Williamsport, after visiting for a short time with Mr. and Mrs. James C. Furst.

Dr. G. G. Pond, dean of the chemistry department at State College, and Mrs. Pond, entertained with their annual alumni dinner on Tuesday evening.

Robert McMullen, son of the popular brakeman on the Central Railroad Co. of Penna. passenger train, last Thursday caught a brown trout that measured 22¾ inches. The catch was made with a night-crawler.

Vance C. McCormick, Democratic nominee for Governor, motored to State College this week to attend the meeting of the Board of Trustees, of which he is a member.

Rev. Father O'Manlon, of State College delivered a special sermon at St. Matthew's Roman Catholic church, at Tyrone, last Sunday, to sixty men who later in the day received the third degree in the Knights of Columbus.

County Treasurer John D. Miller, is this week conducting his sale of unseated land, and as is usually the case quite a few persons hunting valuable tracts at $1 and $1.50 per acre are in attendance.

John M. Egan, chief parole officer of the western penitentiary, spent a day or two in town this week on business with the new penitentiary. He returned to Pittsburg on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker entertained on Monday with a motor party to the Country Club in honor of Mrs. Florence Dale's guest, Miss Ridiford, of Richmond, Va. Miss Mary Thomas entertained with a five hundred party for Ridiford on Tuesday evening.

Dr. Eloise Meek returned from Philadelphia last Thursday, bringing her interesting collection of brasses and curios gathered while in India during the last two years. Many of them are hundreds of years old and were given by patients in appreciation of her kindness.

Miss Daisy Barnes, of Bellefonte, and John Henderson, formerly of Buffalo Run and now located in Philadelphia, were married at Lock Haven on Saturday of last week. The bride was for several years a popular and successful school teacher and has many friends who wish her the greatest happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson will reside in Philadelphia. Miss Barnes was only last week re-elected as a teacher and her departure from Bellefonte will necessitate the selection of a new teacher to the vacancy.

Next Sunday will be Children's Day in the Lutheran church. All children between the ages of two months and one hundred years are cordially invited to attend. At the morning service, at 10.45 o'clock, the pastor, Rev. W. M. B. Gtanding, will deliver a children's sermon on the topic, "Every Little Helps." In the evening at 7.30 o'clock the Sunday school will render a special service, "Workers with God." The offering in the evening will be given to the Orphans Home and other homes of the church. Baptism at both services.

The Bellefonte High School basebal club last Saturday closed a very successfull season by trimming the Lock Haven High School, 3—1. Coach Gilligan's boys played a star game from start to finish and well deserved the victory. The local High School team has played splendid ball throughout the season, winning from some of the strongest scholastic clubs and others from nearby towns, Coach Gilligan will again be in charge of athletics at the High School next year, and the friends of the High School naturally look forward to a football eleven equally as good, if not better, than last year's record-breazing team.

A chance of a lifetime to buy at the big sale.

Mrs. Beatty, of Wheeling, W. Va., is a guest at the Academy.

Miss Helen Harper entertained with cards on Thursday evening of last week.

Mrs. Wilfred Miller will entertain this evening in honor of Mrs. David S. Campbell.

Miss Anna Meyers, of Lock Haven, visited recently at the Lewis Wallace home, on Curtin Street.

Miss Maude C. Bear, one of the High School faculty, departed last Friday to spend her vacation in Illinois.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton will make an address at the D. A. R. exercises at Johnstown on Flag Day, June 14th.

Mrs. Robert Fay and little daughter are in town owing to the illness of the former's mother, Mrs. John N. Lane.

Mrs. C. L. Arnold, of Seattle, Washington, arrived in Bellefonte on Wednesday to spend the summer with her parents.

Miss Mildred Kirk, who has been attending Bucknell University, is visiting at the Dr. M. A. Kirk home, on High Street.

Professor E. H. Weik, one of the High School faculty, departed yesterday for his home at Kleinfeltersville, Lebanon County.

Miss Mary Schad returned home last Thursday from Oxford, Ohio, where she has been attending the Western College for Women.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown and two children, of New York, arrived here last Friday and are visiting with Mrs. McCullough, on Bishop Street.

Mrs. F. H. Winters, whose husband is an ensign on the Battleship Maine, is visiting with her grandfather, Mr. James P. Hughes. Mrs. Winters was formerly Miss Emily Bassett.

Mrs. Blair, of Philadelphia, with her sister, Mrs. Charles Mensch, and the latter's sons, departed last Tuesday for Franklin, where they are visiting with Mrs. Harry Cox.

Miss Gwendolyn Dunwiddie, of Philipsburg, who has been serving since last October as musical director of the Franklin school, at Johnstown, has been accorded the honor of a re-election.

Miss Ellen Hayes and her guest, Miss Martha Darden, of Suffolk, Va., accompanied Dr. and Mrs. R. G. H. Hayes home from Sweetbriar College last week, and this week attended the commencement exercises at Penn State. They were guests at the Beta house.

Hours of Service at the Presbyterian Church Sunday are as follows: Sabbath school at 9:45 A. M. Preaching service at 10:45 A. M. Weather Permitting the evening service will be on the Church Lawn, at 7 P. M. Come, be cool and enjoy the evening worship.

Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, who is noted as a veterinarian and who is a special examiner for the State Live stock Sanitary Board, was in town between trains on Monday morning, being enroute to Williamsport, where he is serving this week as a federal court grand juror.

Jacob Knisely, who for several weeks has been trying out a position as a guard at the new penitentiary, has decided that he likes it and will continue in that capacity. This creates a vacancy in the position of borough policeman. George Eberhart is serving temporarily. Levi Symmonds has made application for the place, and the matter of electing a permanent policeman will likely be considered at the next meeting of borough Council.

Raymond R. Jenkins, formerly of Bellefonte but now residing at Tyrone, was among the graduates this week at The Pennsylvania State College and also was an honor man. He has signed up with the General Electric Company and in the near future will report for duty at the Schenectady plant. John Orvis Keller, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keller, of Bellefonte, was also a graduate. Raymond Jenkins completed a course in electrical engineering, while Orvis Keller's course was in industrial engineering.

More elaborate than anything of the kind heretofore attempted is "The Belle", this year's publication of the graduating class of the Bellefonte High School. The book was placed on sale yesterday and attracted widespread attention among students and friends of the High School. From cover to cover the book is a breezy, chatty, delightful resume of the year's doings in the High School. There are countless jokes and humorous thrusts at faculty and student body, with the freshmen, of course, getting the worst of it. An attractive and highly useful feature of the book is a very complete record of the High School in all lines of sports in the last year, the record being one of which the school may well be proud. For the success achieved by the various teams merited praise is bestowed upon James R. Gilligan, the very efficient Coach. The book is handsomely illustrated with photographs of the football, baseball and basket ball teams, also photographs of the orchestra and dramatic club and the new High School building. Copies of the book are sold for 50c each. They are on sale at The Index and at Wallace's cigar store under the First National Bank.

Free automobile given away at the big lot sale.

Miss Sallie Fitzgerald has as her guest, Mrs. David S. Campbell, of Williamsport.

Miss Catherine Haines, of Rossiter, departed last Saturday, after visiting over the week-end with her sister, Miss Stella Daily.

Edward W. Bush, of Lynne, Conn., spent the week-end here as the guest of Mrs. Louise Bush, while enroute to Penn State to attend the commencement exercises.

Mrs. George Dallas Dixon, of Philadelphia, arrived here in her private car last Thursday, bringing her son-in-law, Dr. Vaux, to see her sister, Mrs. Nora Shelden, who is at the Bush House.

Walter Furst, of New Haven, Conn., is visiting here with his mother, Mrs. Caroline C. Furst. He attended the commencement exercises at Penn State, of which institution he is a graduate.

Having entirely recovered from his recent operation for appendicitis, Philip F. Garbrick has returned to his work at Kane. Apparently he is now enjoying better health than for several years past.

The University of Pittsburgh baseball team easily defeated the Bellefonte Acs. demy, 11—1, on the home grounds last Friday afternoon. Errors by the local boys helped Pittsburgh in piling up such a large score. Dillon, a former Academy player, now with Pittsburgh, knocked out a three bagger with the bases full. He has been doing some heavy hitting this season and has a number of home runs to his credit. On Saturday Pittsburgh met defeat at the hands of Penn State, at State College, 7—4. Penn State played a fine game and only eased up in the ninth, in which inning Pittsburgh got in three of its four runs.

A Card.

To the public: When it was suggested that I take the management of the North of Bay Counties Exhibit Cars from California, I answered I would on certain conditions: namely, that they furnish the Finest Exhibit Cars ever sent out by any other section before, with its own electric light plant, so we could exhibit evenings as well as in the daytime, and gather their Wonderful Products from their orchards, vineyards and ranches, put up by experts, so it would be a "Wonder" itself, and secure a Marine Museum and Curiosities from All Over the World, so the Old and Young, Rich and Poor, Educated and Illiterate could visit and spend hours profitably.

They have done so, and I extend an invitation to all, knowing that we have the most original, new and Up-to-date Exhibit ever brought to your city, and a perfect system of convincing the public of the fact that our five counties contain more inducements from the Homeseeker and the Tourist looking for a perfect climate and beautiful scenery. Come and See for Yourself what we are doing.

We make a small charge of 25 cents for admission, to help defray expenses and enable us to give valuable souvenirs suggestive of California—Something all will keep to remember us by.

Yours very respectfully,

M. LEAK,

Manager North of Bay Counties Exhibit Cars.

We do not Sell Land, but we want to interest you in our section of the Golden State.

Will exhibit at Bellefonte, June 18, 19 & 20. Admission 25c for adults, 15c for children.—Advt.

Threshermen To Meet.

There will be a convention of the Centre County Threshermen and Farmers Protective Association in the Court House on Wednesday, June 17th, at 10 A. M.

All threshermen and farmers interested in the operation of traction engines are invited to be present. The traction engine controversy will be presented by those who have been in the fight from the beginning against the State Highway Department's efforts to rule it off the road, and other important business will be considered. The candidates of all the political parties for the State Legislature are cordially invited.

WM. K. CORL, Pres.
H. LAIRD CURTIN, Secy.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Jess M. Sowers,	Bellefonte, Pa.
Eva Schreffler,	"
Wm. O. Heckman,	Penn Hall Pa.
Ruth E. Rossman,	Tusseyville Pa
Adam Vonada,	Hublersburg
Carrie Snook,	Mill Hall
Thomas W. Scott,	Connonsburg
Margaret R. Stone,	State College
James K. Morrison,	Robertsdale Pa
Edith Fisher,	Warriors Mark

Sowers—Schreffler.

Last Saturday evening, at the Reformed parsonage, Jesse M. Sowers and Miss Eva Schreffler, both of Bellefonte, were married by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt. Mr. Sowers is an electrician in the employ of the State-Centre Electric Company. They are at home on East High Street.

Heads Rush Twp. Schools.

Professor Harry O. Crain, of Philipsburg, has been re-elected supervising principal of the Rush Township public schools.

Buy lots at State College, the fastest growing town in the State.

AUCTION LOT SALE!

STATE COLLEGE---June 19 & 20, 1914

Lytle Addition---100 Choice Building Lots

in this fast growing town to be sold at auction. The highest bidder the buyer. A chance of a life time. Get on Leathers Brothers free train leaving Bellefonte at 10.30, stopping at all stations, each morning of the sale and returning in the evening.

Leave	Bellefonte	10.30
	Coleville	10.35
	Morris	10.38
	Stevens	10.43
	Hunters Park	10.46
	Fillmore	10.50
	Briarly	10.55
	Waddles	11.00
	Krumrine	11.12
	State College	11.25

A train leaves Coburn Saturday, 20th, on the L. & T., at 10.10 and arrives in State College at 11.00.

Leave	Coburn	10.10
	Zerbey	10.16
	Rising Springs	10.24
	Penn's Cave	10.32
	Center Hall	10.38
	Gregg	10.44
	Linden Hall	10.50
	Oak Hall	10.55
	Lemont or State College	11.00

These trains are absolutely free and will take you to lot sale and return in the evening. Get on the free train for the big Auction Lot Sale.

Free band concert, by "Our Boys' Band" of Milesburg, Composed of 35 pieces. One of the most popular bands in the State. We will give an

AUTOMOBILE ABSOLUTELY FREE

at this sale. Every person attending the sale over 18 years of age can participate in the contest The only requirements are that you must be on the grounds the day of the sale and vote your own ticket. Some body will be the happy owner of this 1914 touring car. Ask the man who bought real estate at our big lot sale five years ago what he thinks of real estate in State College. This is a town that is growing every year. Over eighty houses being constructed at the present time. We invite you to come out and look the property over. Sale rain or shine. We hold our sale under a large canvas. We have headquarters on the grounds. Don't forget that transporatation costs you nothing.

Leathers Bros. Real Estate Developers

George D. Cummins, the World's Famous Real Estate Auctioneer.

SAFETY FIRST

In selecting a suit it pays to be sure about the quality first. What you buy may look well at the start but often fails to hold up under the strain of use.

Our suits are specially designed to give long service. They are sturdy in construction, smart in looks, and moderate in price. All kinds from $10 up.

Summer underwear in B. V. D., Poros-knit, Roxford, Balbriggan and Munsery union suits.

Montgomery & Co.